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MUSIC

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F. RAY COMSTOCK
and
WILLIAM ELLIOTT

Present

The Fifth New York Princess Theatre Musical Production

OH, LADY! LADY!!

Book and Lyrics by

GUY BOLTON and P. G. WODEHOUSE

Music by

JEROME KERN

Staged by

ROBERT MILTON and EDWARD ROYCE

PRICE, TWO DOLLARS

New York
T. B. HARMS COMPANY
62 West 45th Street

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MUSIC

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Princess Theatre Orchestra, under the direction of

MAX HIRSCHFELD

ACT I

	OVERTURE		3
1	OPENING CHORUS	(*Molly and Girls*)	15
2	DUET	(*Molly and Willoughby*) "Not Yet"	25
3	TRIO	(*Hale, Spike and Willoughby*) "Do It Now"	28
4	DUET	(*Spike and Fanny*) "Our Little Nest"	32
5	SONG	(*Molly and Girls*) "Do Look At Him"	36
6	SONG	(*Will and Girls*) "Oh, Lady! Lady!!"	39
7	SONG	(*May and Underwood*) "You Found Me and I Found You"	45
8	FINALE	(*Company Ensemble*)	49

ACT II

9	OPENING	(*Miss Sparry and Ensemble*) "Moon Song"	59
10	SONG	(*May and Boys*) "Waiting Around The Corner"	63
11	SONG	(*Molly and Girls*) "When The Ships Come Home"	66
12	MELODRAMA	(*Will and Molly*)	69
13	DUET	(*Will and Molly*) "Before I Met You"	72
14	TRIO	(*Will, Spike and Fanny*) "Greenwich Village"	76
15	DUET	(*Underwood and May*) "Wheatless Day"	80
16	TRIO	(*Will, Underwood and Twombly*) "It's a Hard, Hard World for a Man"	84
17	FINALE	(*Ensemble*)	88

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the order of their appearance)

PARKER ..... Constance Binney
MOLLIE FARRINGDON ..... Vivienne Segal
MRS. FARRINGDON ..... Margaret Dale
WILLOUGHBY FINCH ..... Carl Randall
HALE UNDERWOOD ..... Harry C Browne
SPIKE HUDGINS (*Willoughby Finch's valet*) ..... Edward Abeles
FANNY WELCH ..... Florence Shirley
MAY BARBER ..... Carroll McComas
CYRIL TWOMBLY ..... Reginald Mason
WILLIAM WATTY ..... Harry Fisher
MISS LETTICE ROMAYNE ..... Lois Whitney
MISS LOTTA POMMERY ..... Bobby Brewster
MISS DELLA CATESSEN ..... May Elsie
MISS HALLIE BUTT ..... Elsie Lewis
MISS SAL MUNN ..... Dorothy Allan
MISS MARIE SCHINO ..... Billie Booker
MISS MOLLIE GATAWNEY ..... Mildred Fisher
MISS MARION ETTA HERRING ..... Edna Hettler
MISS C. ELLA RHY ..... Gypsy Mooney
MISS BARBARA O'RHUM ..... Mildred Roland
MISS CLARETTE CUP ..... Jeanne Sparry
MISS MAY ANNE AYES ..... Mabel Stanford
MISS CASSIE ROLL ..... Janet Velie
MISS VIRGINIA HAM ..... Bettie Gereaux
MR. ARTIE C. HOKE ..... Wm. Walsh
MR B RUSSEL SPROUT ..... Charles Hartman
MR. C. OLLIE FLOWER ..... Charles Columbus
MR. H. ASH-BROWN ..... J. Randall Phelan
MR. STEWART PRUNE ..... Jack Vincent
MR. CON KEARNY ..... Irving Jackson

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

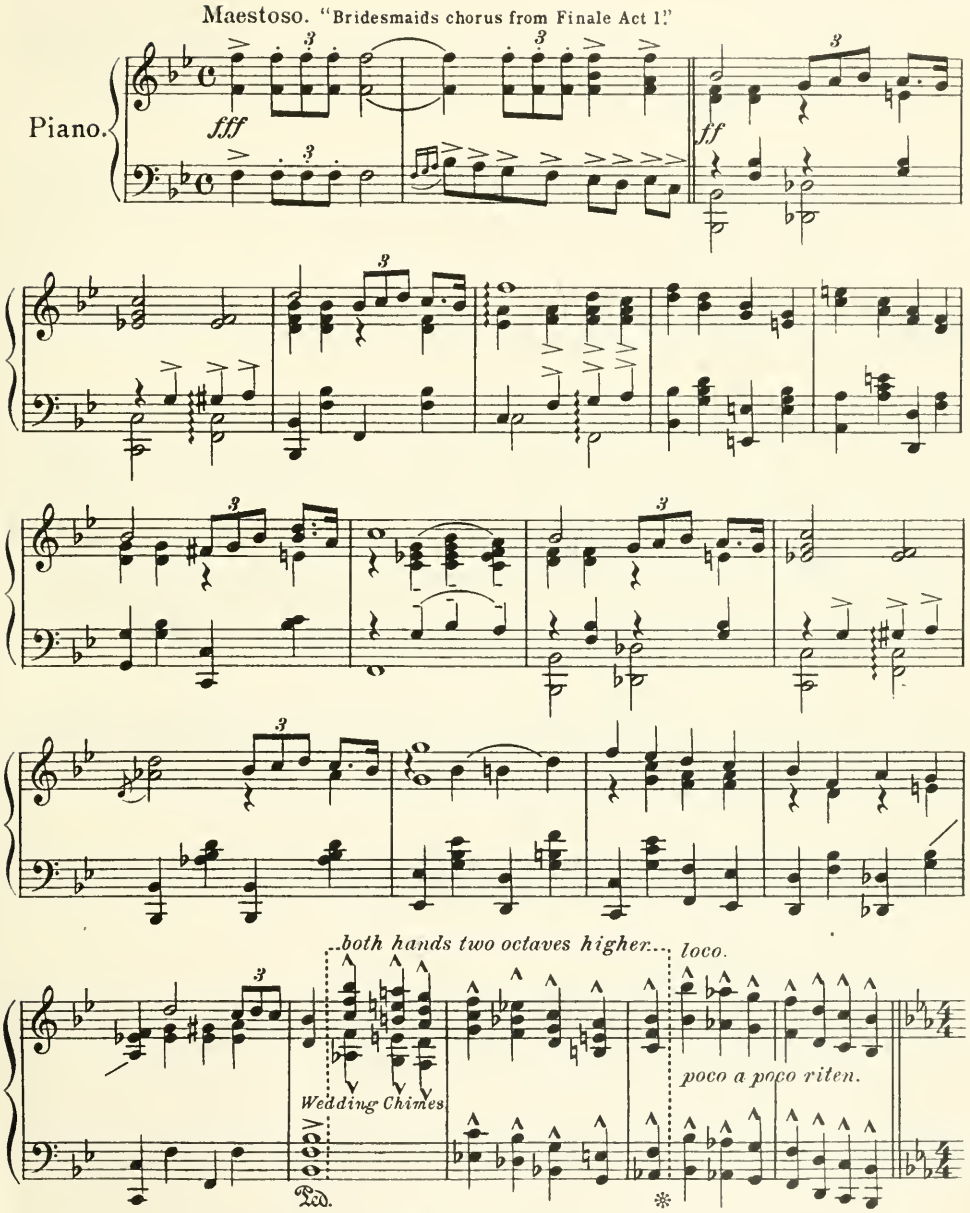
ACT. I.—Living Room of the Farringdon Place at Hempstead, L. I.

ACT. II.—Roof Garden of Willoughby Finch's Studio in Waverly Mews

Oh Lady! Lady!

Overture

JEROME KERN.
arr. by Chas. Miller



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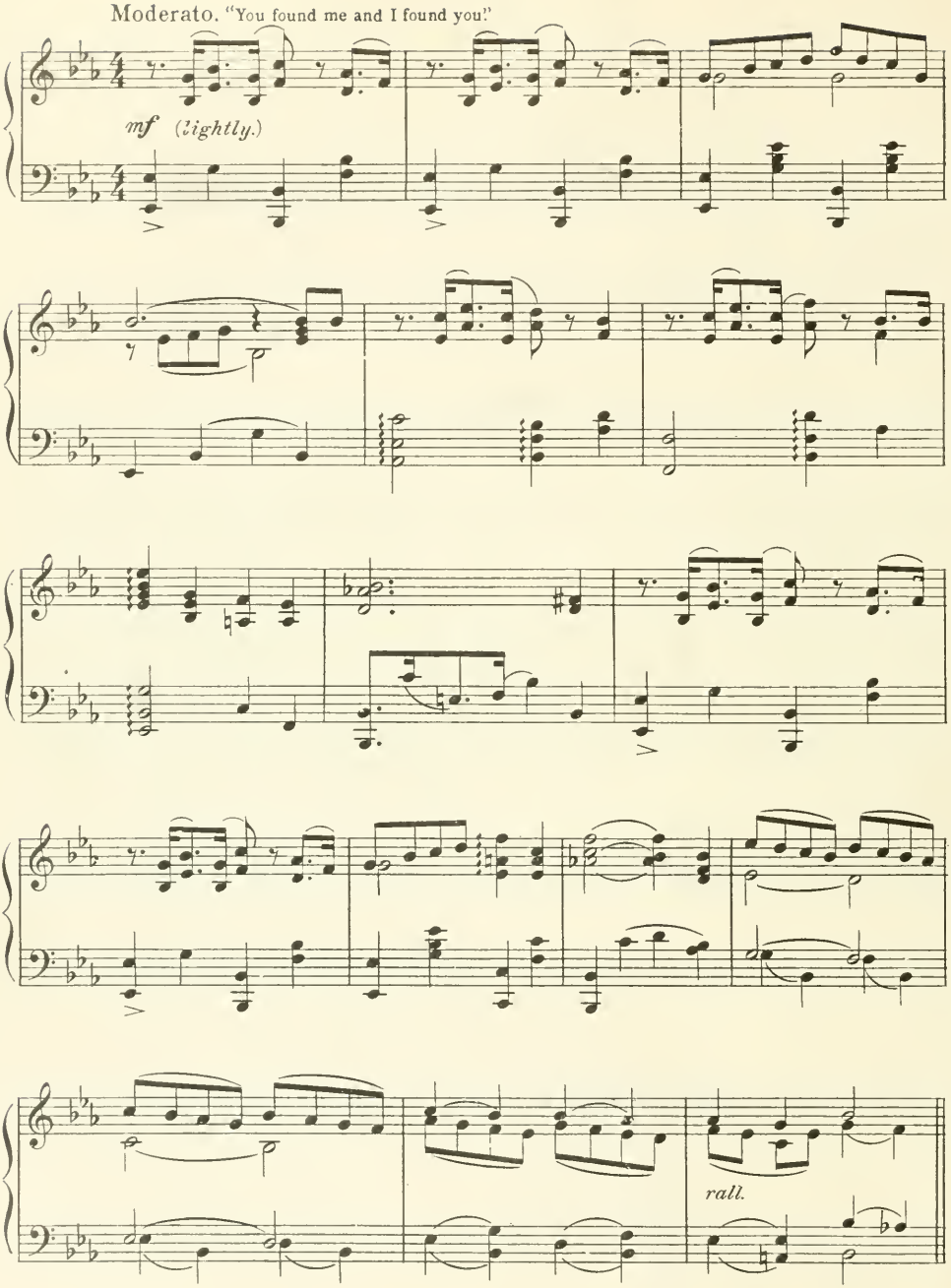
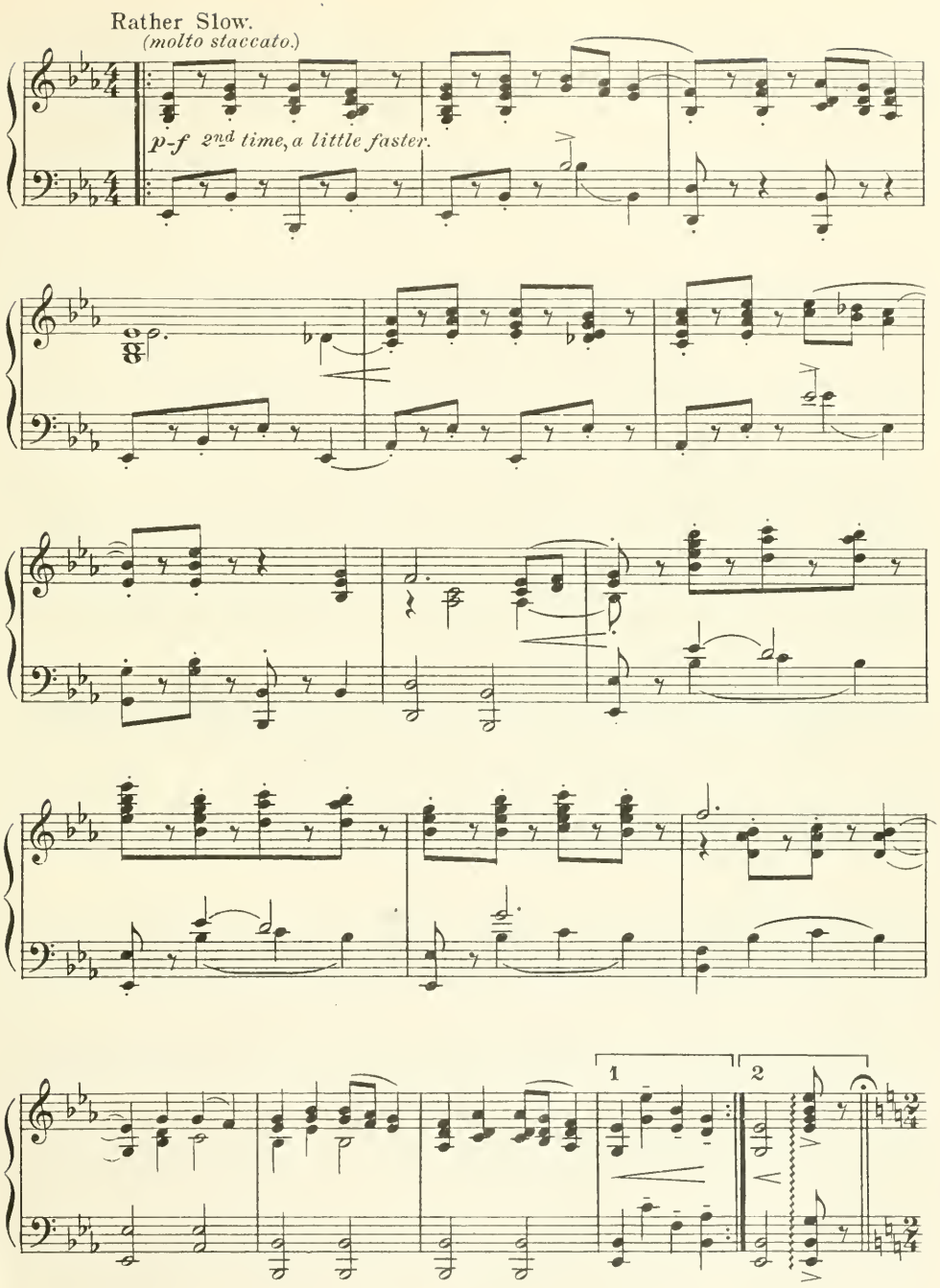
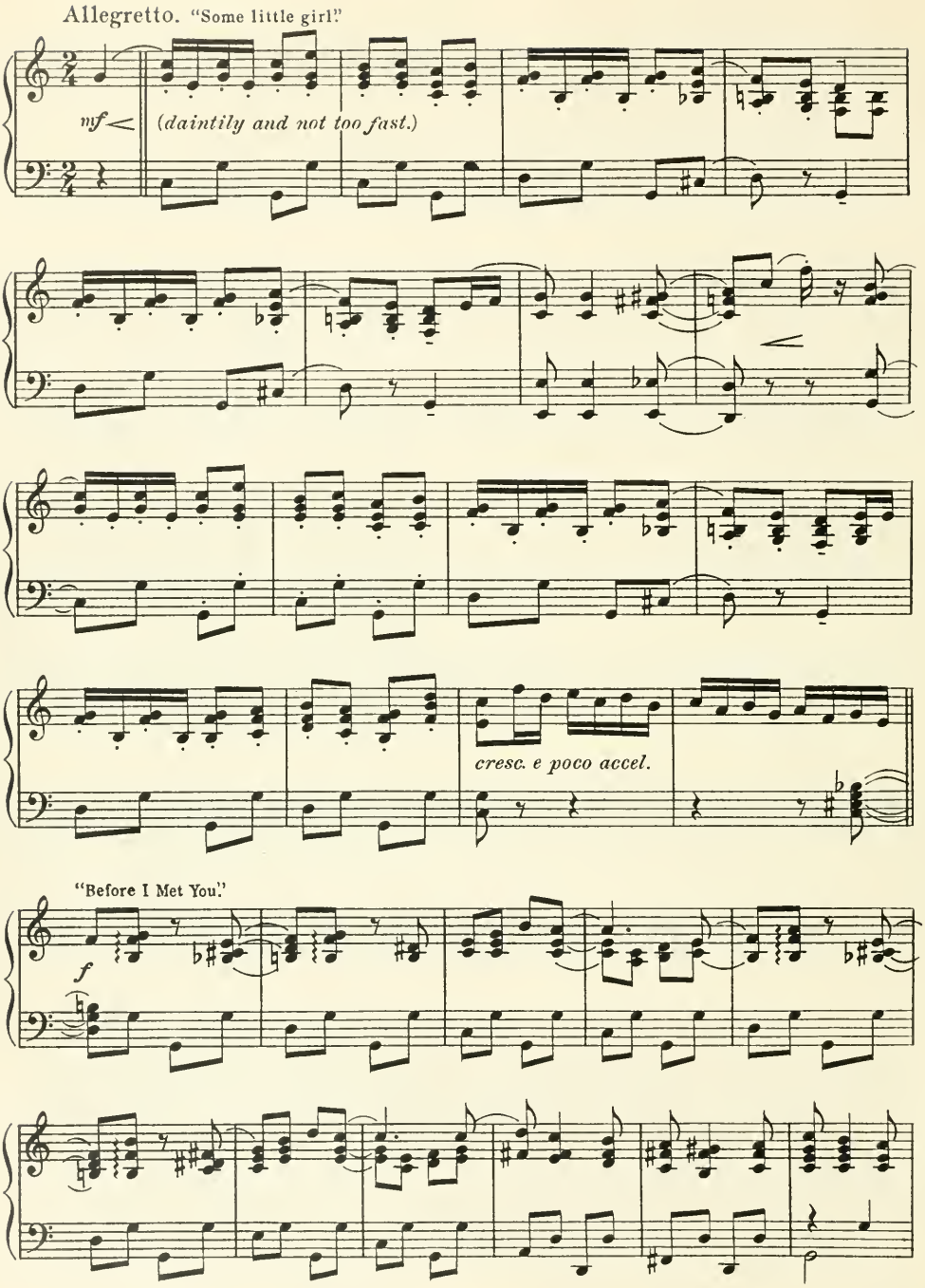
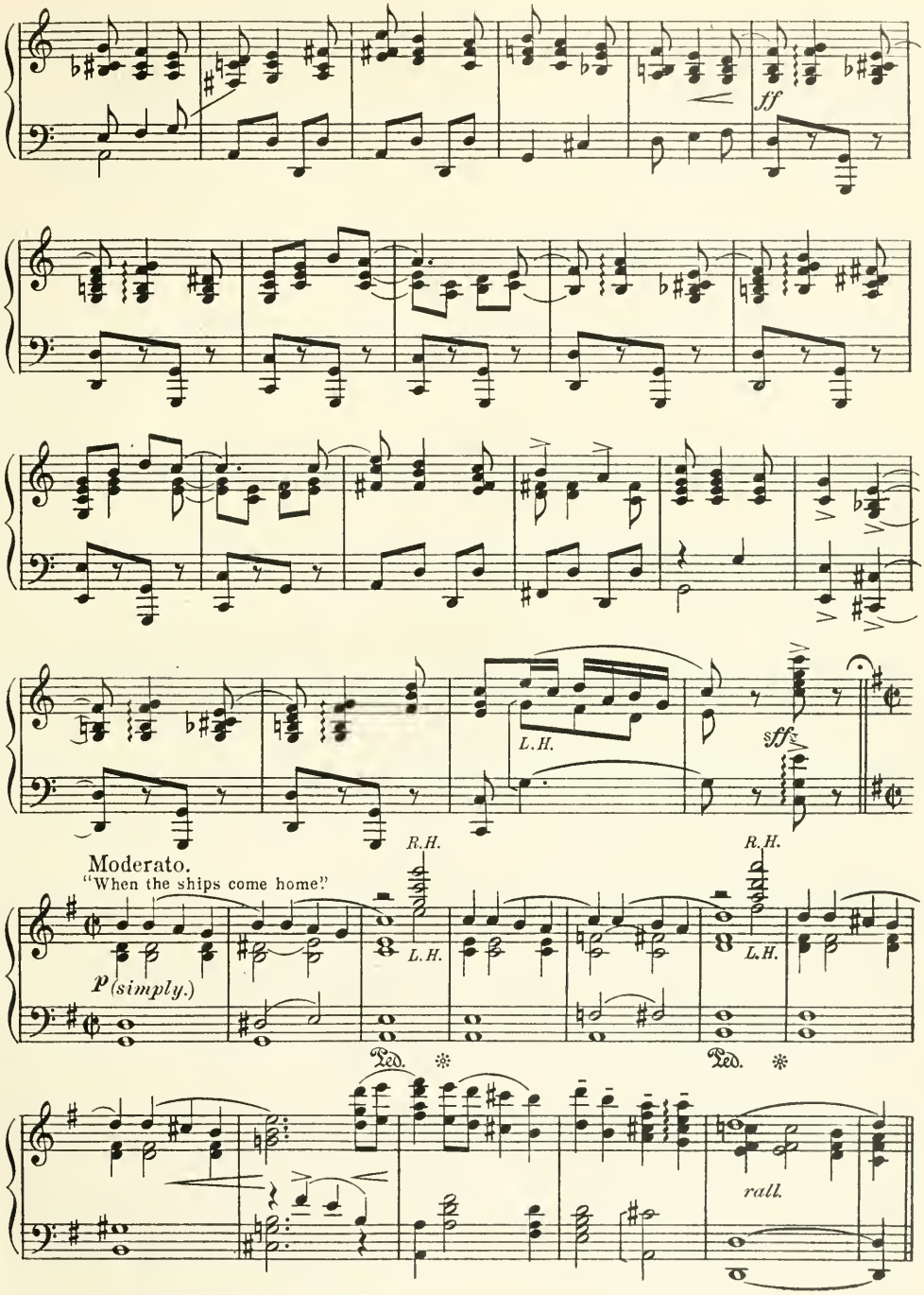
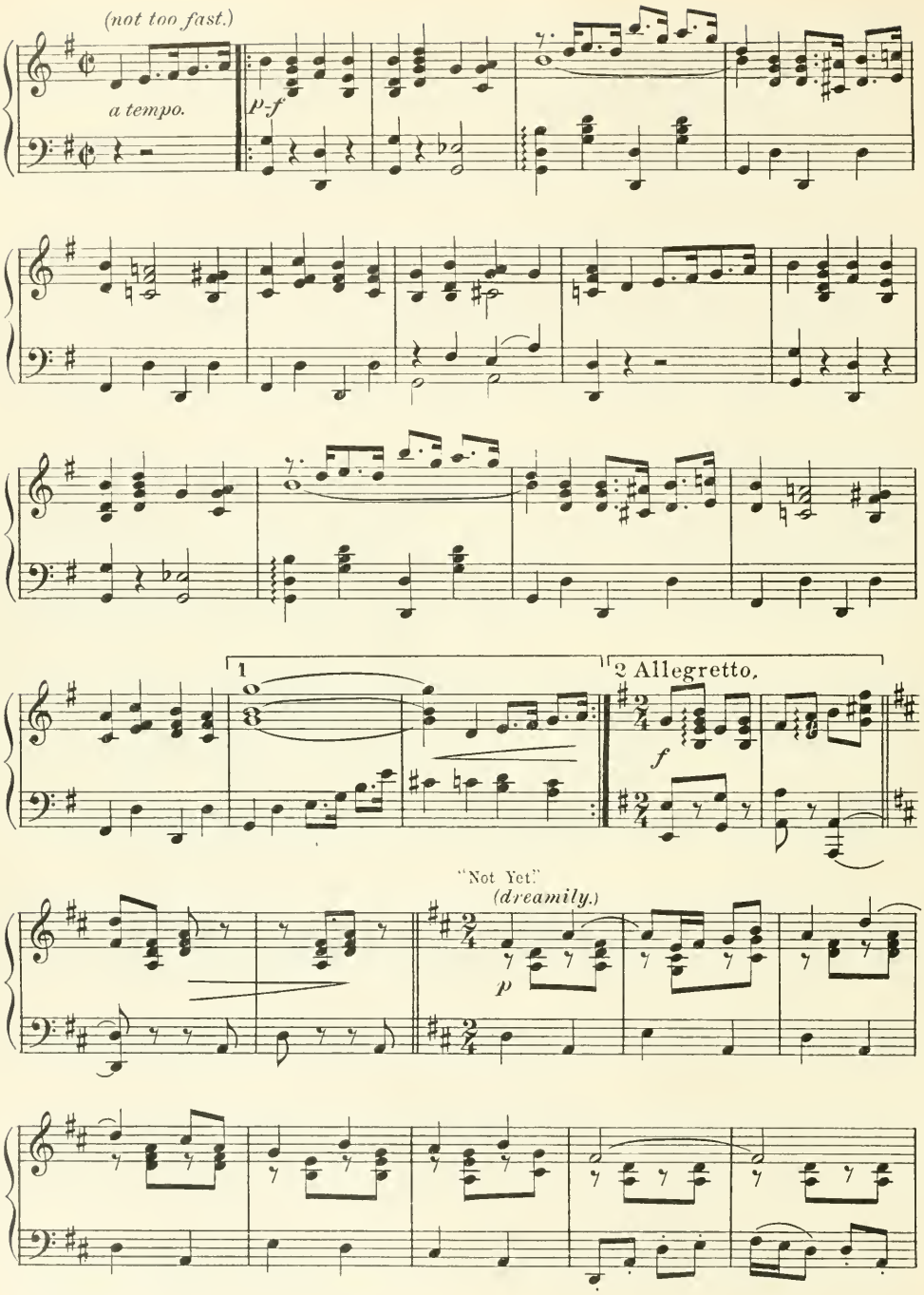
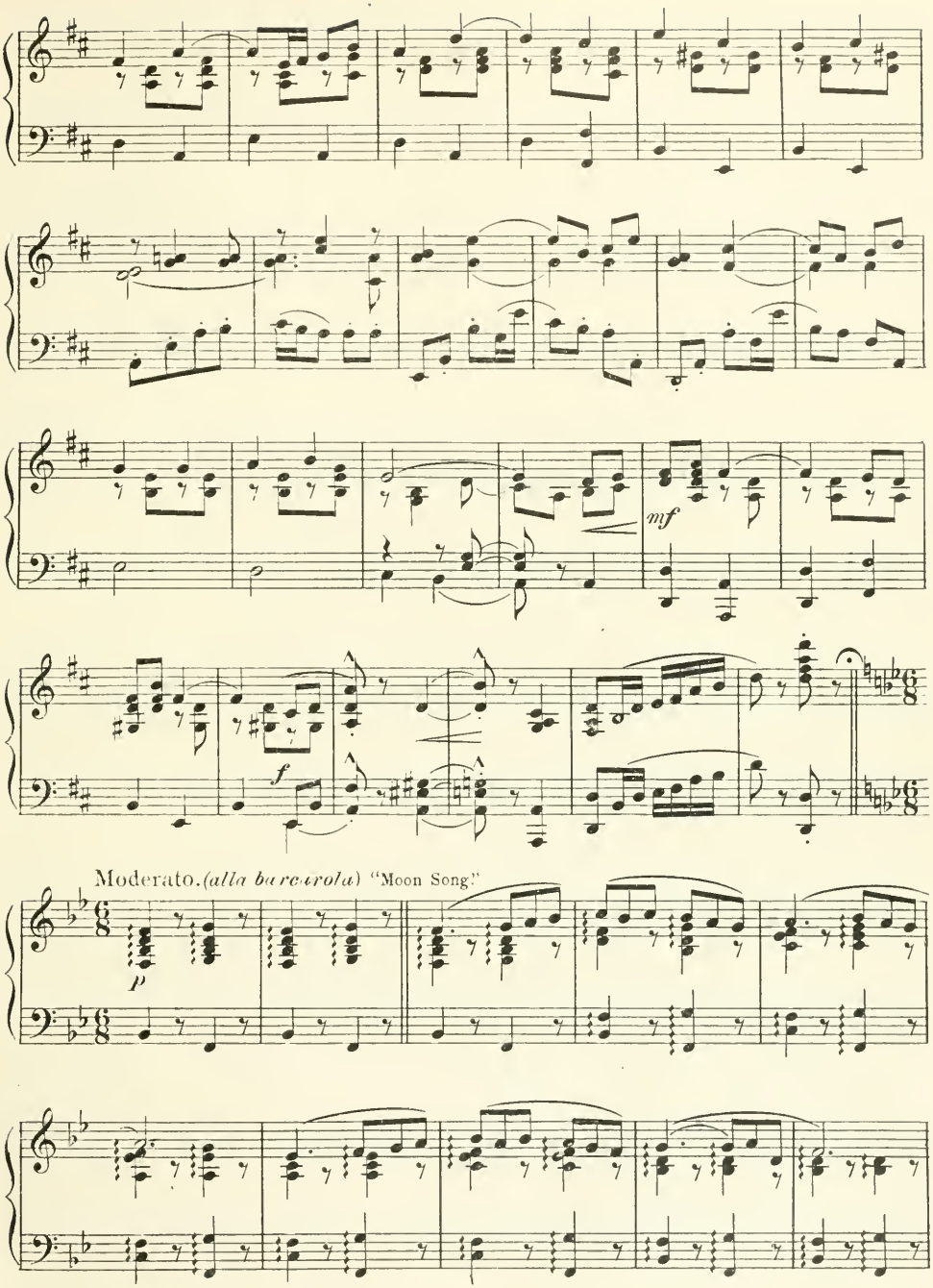

Moderato. "You found me and I found you."
mf (lightly.)
rall.

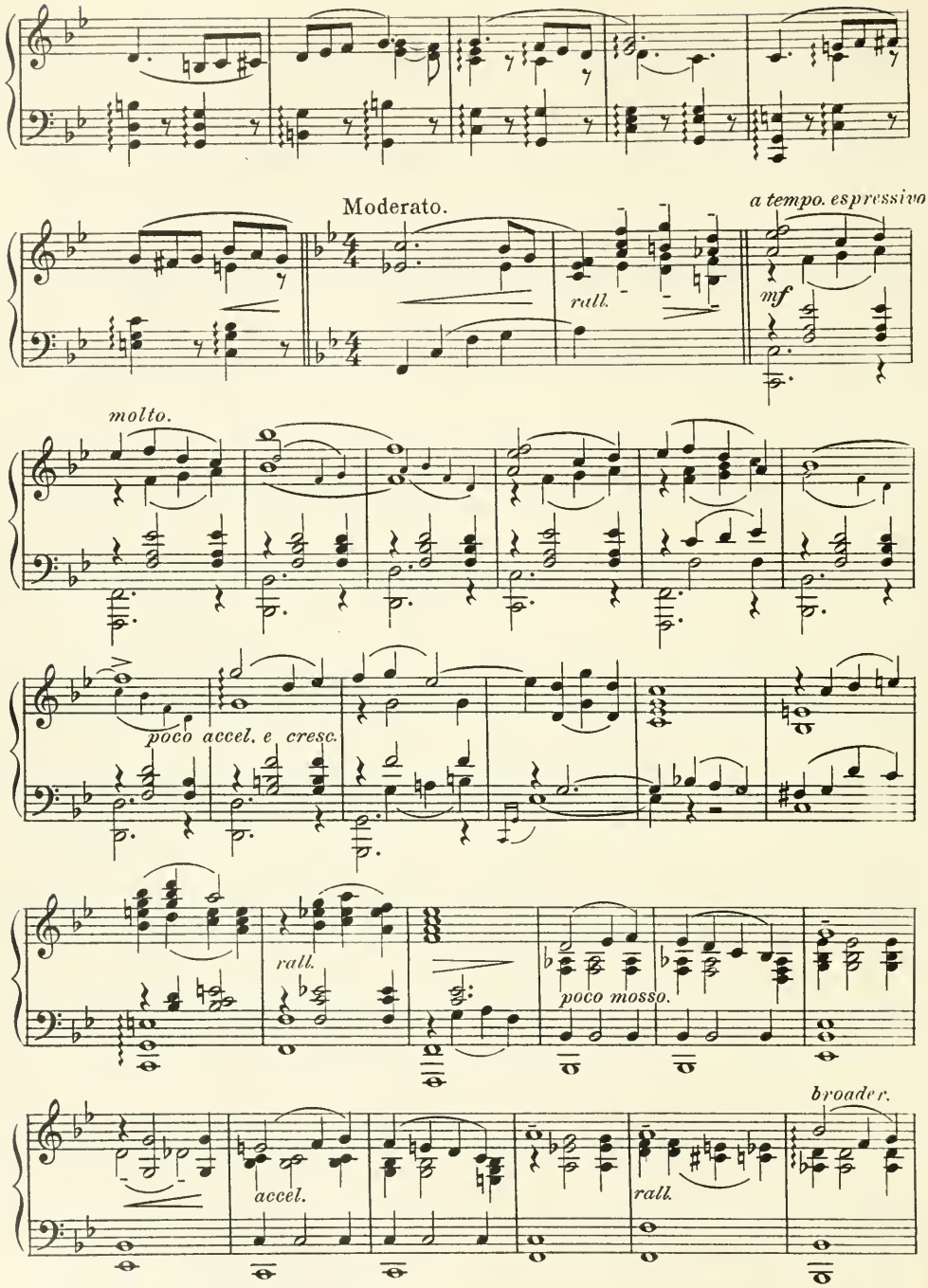

Rather Slow.
(molto staccato.)
p-f 2nd time, a little faster.
1
2

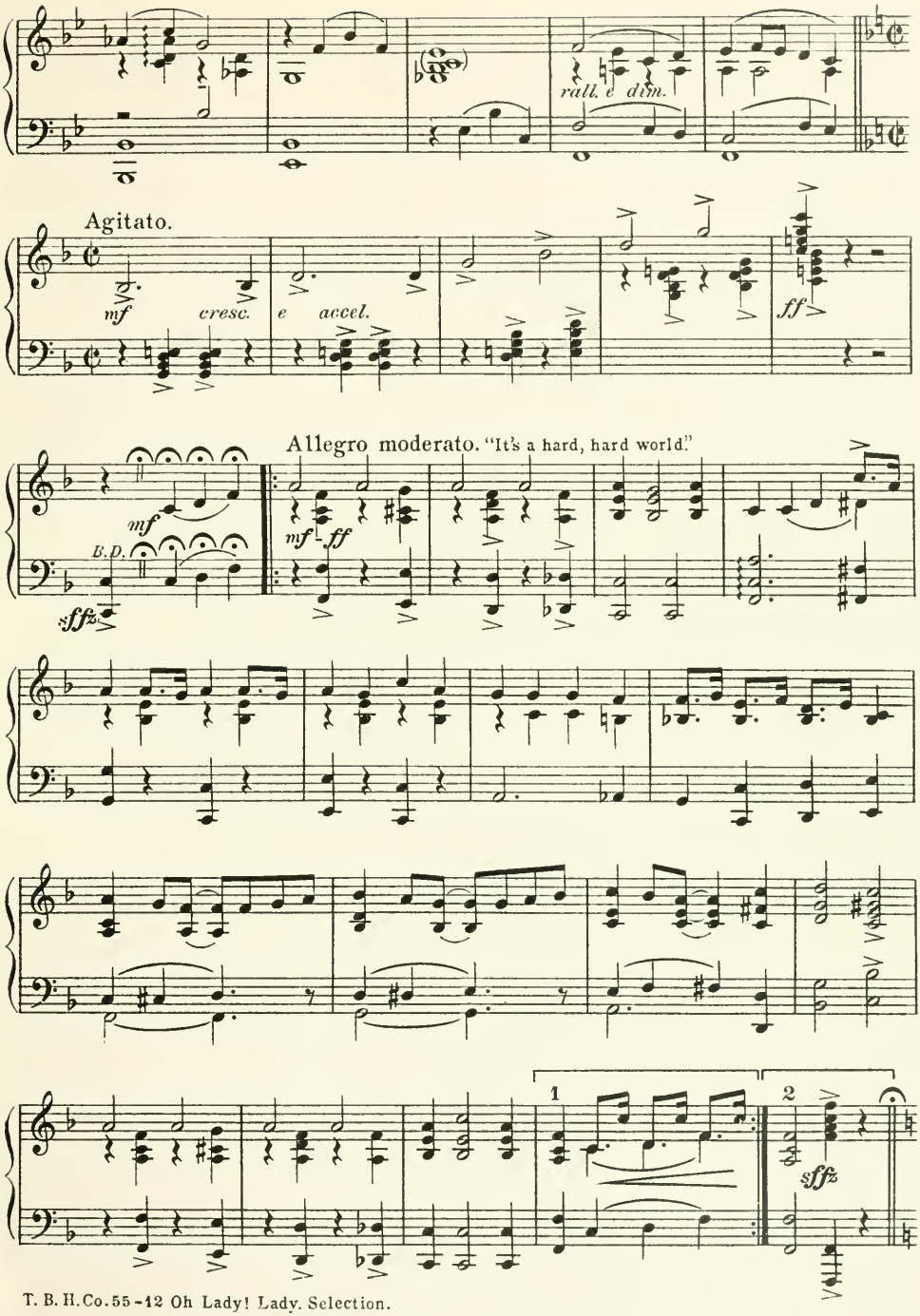

Allegretto. "Some little girl."
mf
(daintily and not too fast.)
cresc. e poco accel.
"Before I Met You."
f


ff
L.H.
sff
Moderato.
"When the ships come home."
R.H.
L.H.
p (simply.)
Ped.
rall.


(not too fast.)
a tempo.
p-f
1
2 Allegretto.
f
"Not Yet."
(dreamily.)
p


mf
f
Moderato. (alla barcarola) "Moon Song"
p


Moderato.
rall.
a tempo. espressivo
mf
molto.
poco accel. e cresc.
rall.
poco mosso.
accel.
rall.
broader.


rall. e dim.
Agitato.
mf
cresc.
e accel.
ff
Allegro moderato. "It's a hard, hard world."
mf
B.D.
sffz
mf - ff
1
2
sffz

Slower. "Wheatless Day."

mf daintily.

accel.

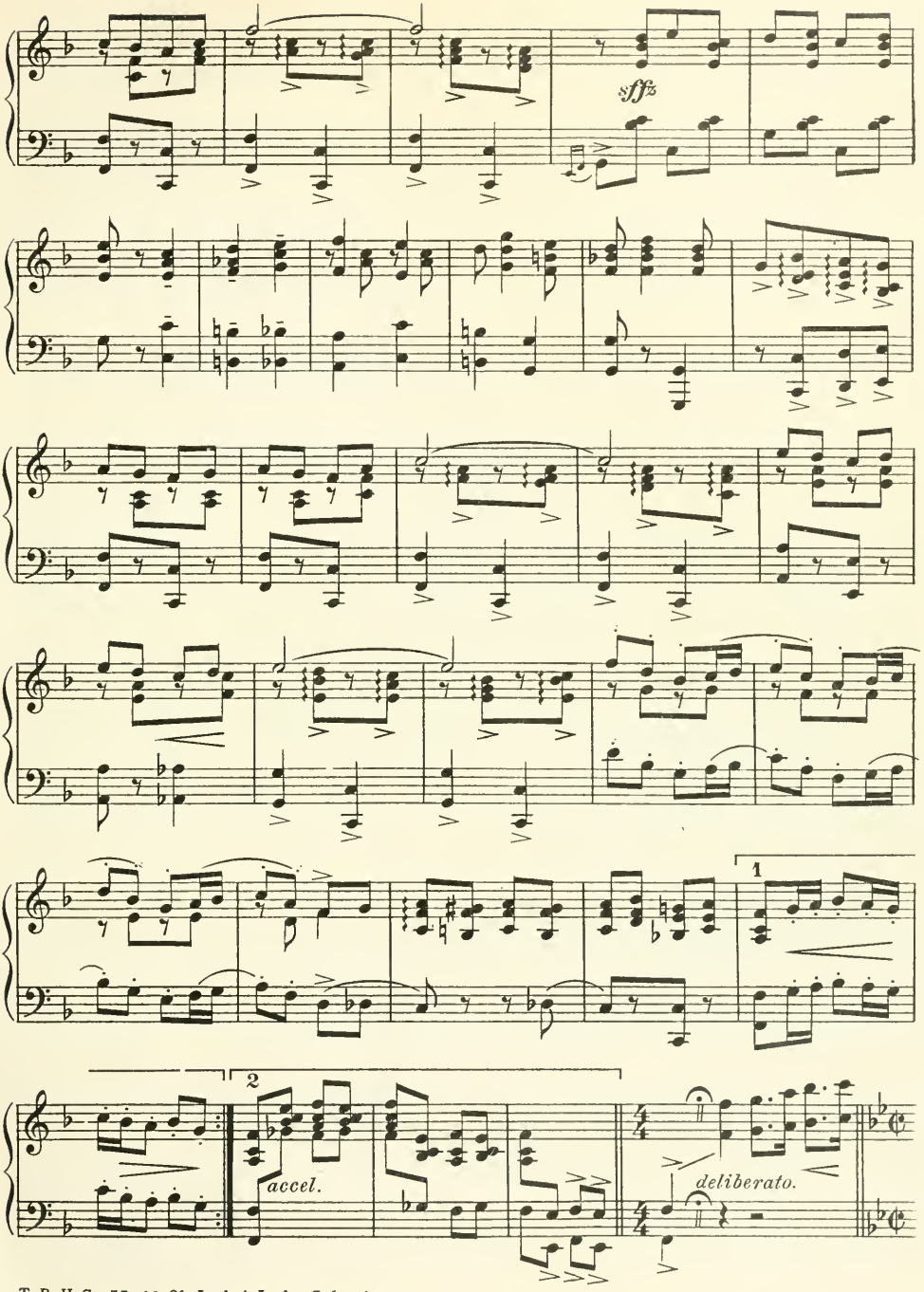
e cresc.

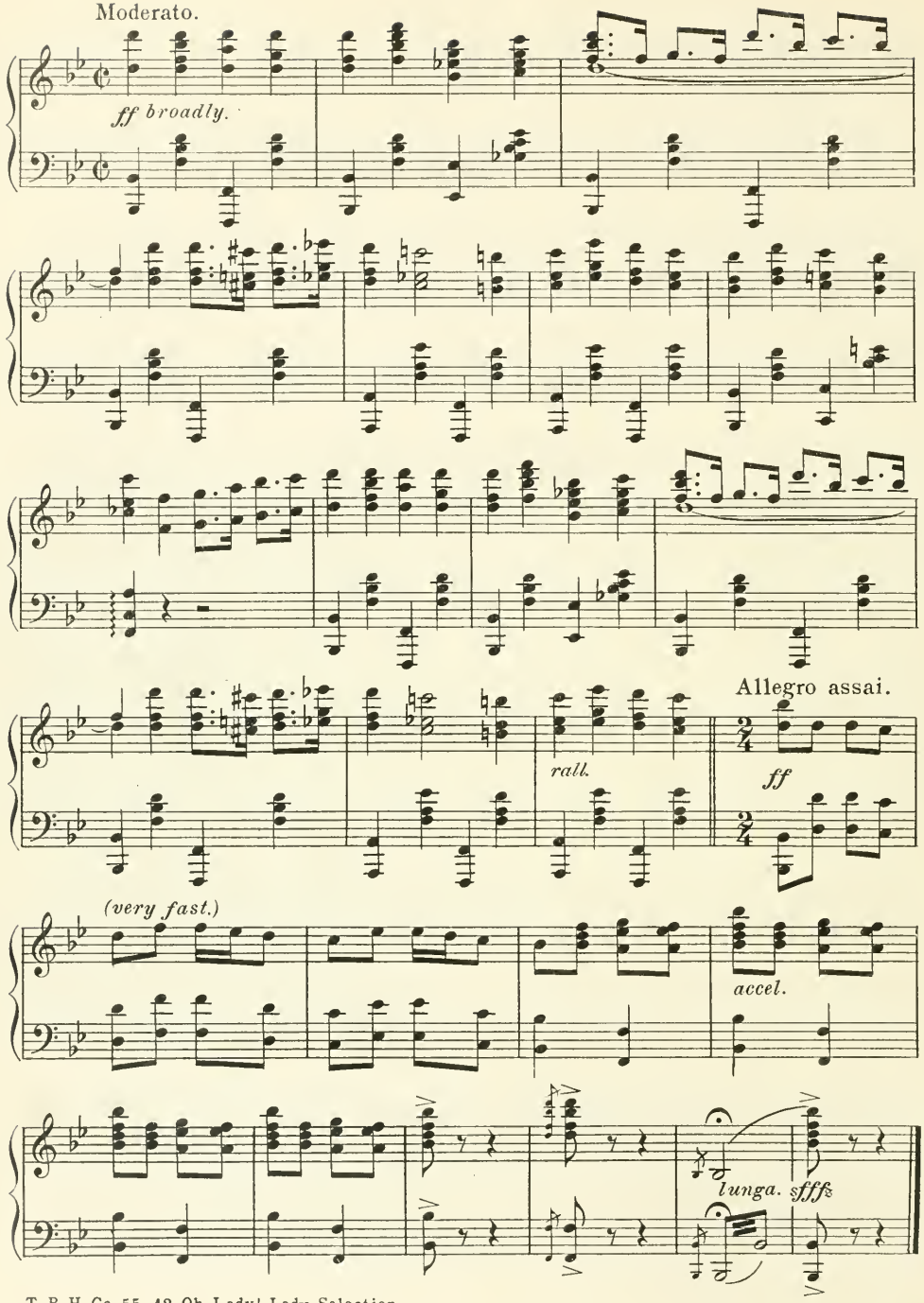
poco rall.

Allegro con spirito.

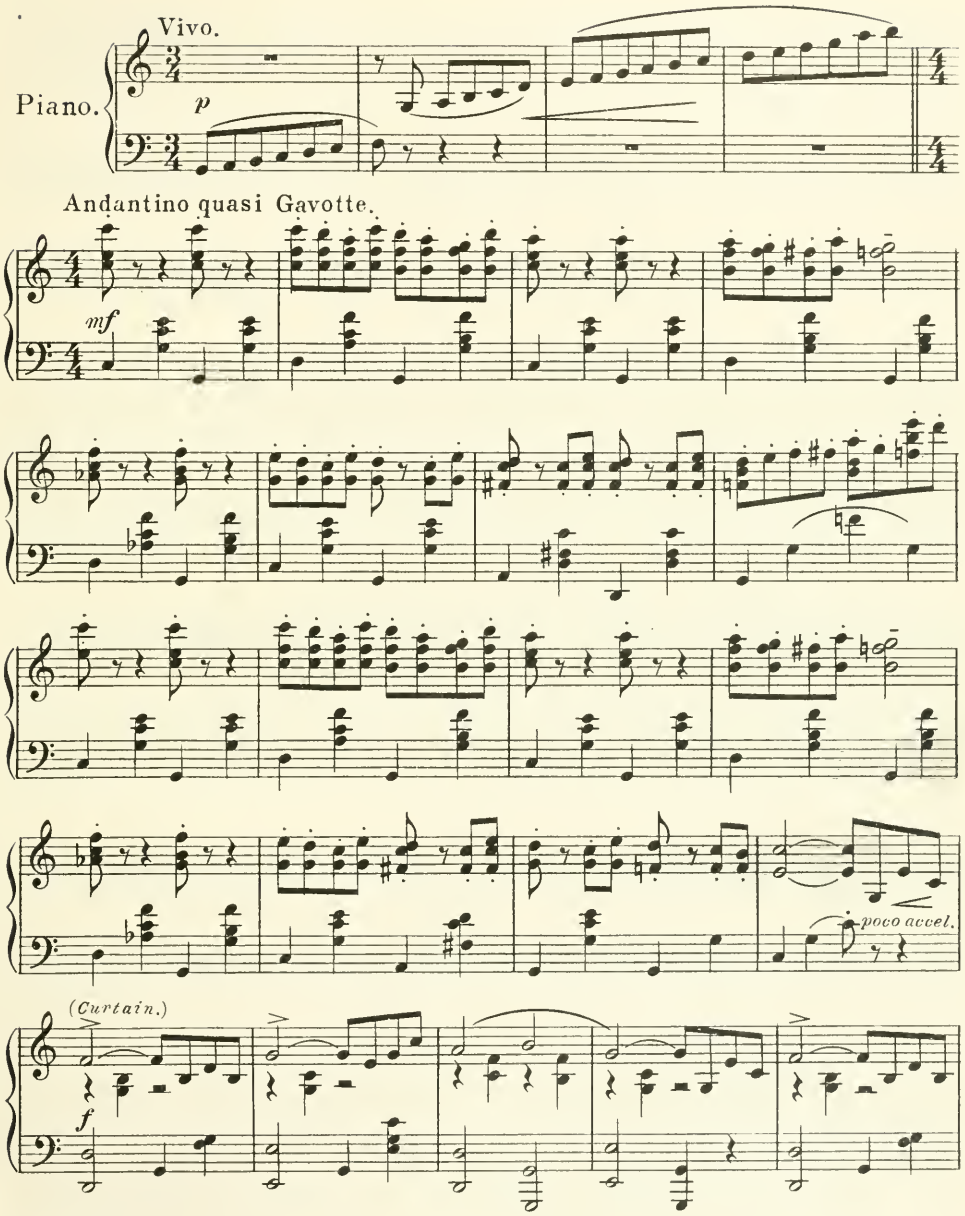
f

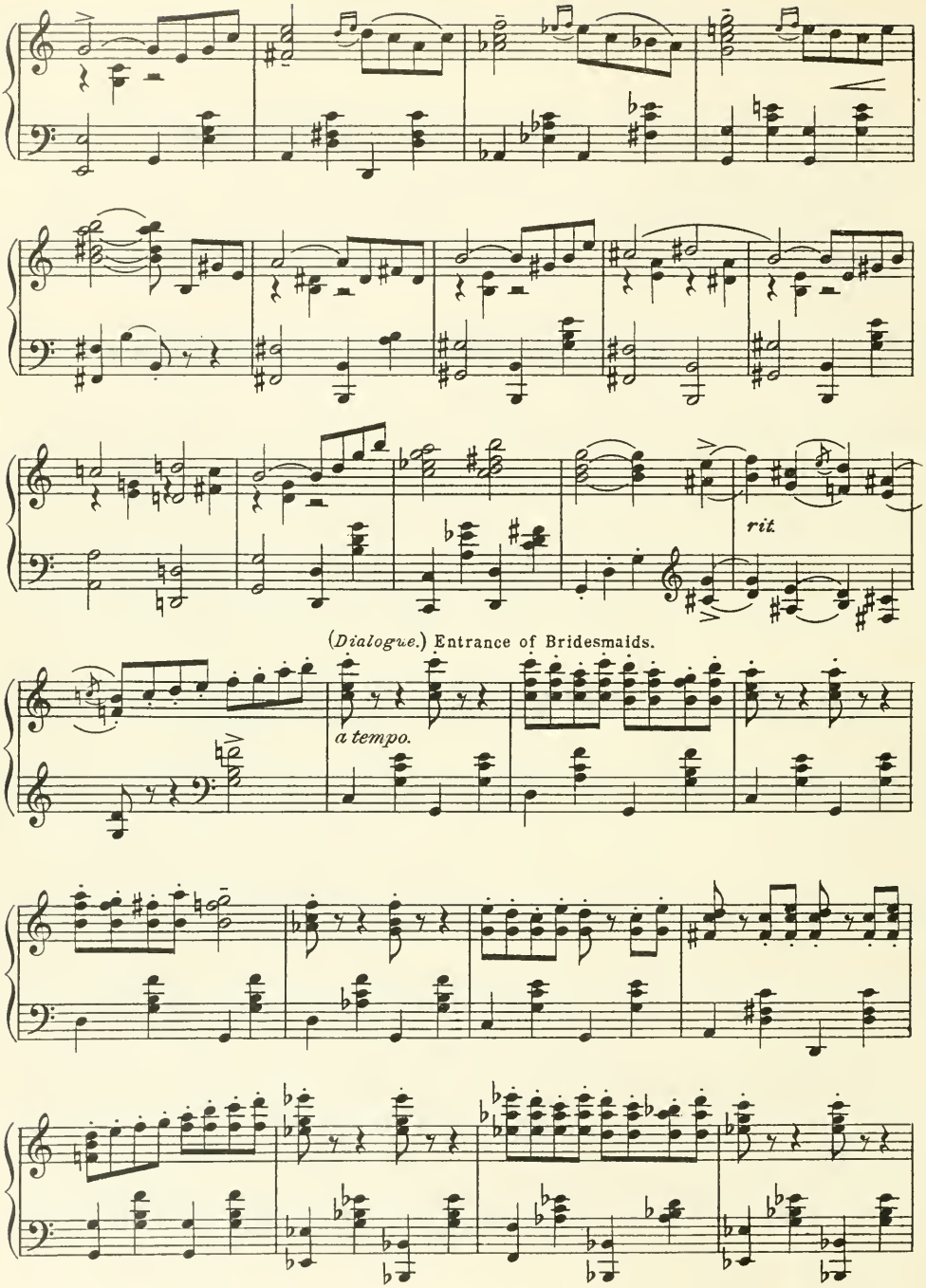
mf-ff


sffz
1
2
accel.
deliberato.


Moderato.
ff broadly.
rall.
Allegro assai.
ff
(very fast.)
accel.
lunga. sfffz

Opening Chorus Act I.




rit.
(Dialogue.) Entrance of Bridesmaids.
a tempo.

(Entrance of Molly.)

f

Violin Solo.

p

p

rit.

Lento.

Allegro. (Girls crowding around Molly.)

f

(MOLLY.)"I must have my wits about me on my wedding day."

This is the day— that seemed

sfz *pp*

So far a - way— That I thought it would nev - er ap - pear

I can't con - ceal— that I some - how still feel— that it

can - not be real_ now it's here So queer

Ev - 'ry - thing seem - ing, it makes me fear I may

sim - ply be dream - ing it Oh dear! Would - n't that be dread-ful

I can't be - lieve_that I'm just on the eve - of such bliss as no girl_ ev - er

knew. Soon I shall wake_ and find out my mis - take_ for I

know it's too good_ to be true Try my

best to im - ag - ine it, though I may I just can't re - al - ize

I'm to be mar - ried to - day.

Allegro

CHORUS.

This is the day— that seemed so far a - way— That she

thought it would nev - er ap - pear

And she re - veals— that she some - how still feels— that it

can - not be real_ now it's here So queer

ev - 'ry - thing seem - ing it makes her fear She may

sim-ply be dream - ing it Oh dear! would - n't that be dread-ful

She can't be - lieve_ that she's just on the eve_ of such

bliss as no girl_ ev - er knew Soon she may wake_and find

out her mis - take_ for it's real - ly too good_ to be

true Try her best to im - ag - ine it

though she may She just can't re - al - ize

she's to be mar - ried to - day.

Not Yet.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.
delicato.

Piano.

mf *p*

I can - not see What need there can be, For
Each time I start To pour out my heart, Some

an - y oth - er peo - ple in the world but you ___ and
tact - less per - son comes a - long and we are driv - en a -

me. Yes, go where we may, They get in our way: I
-part. Life might be, my pet, A love - ly du - et; But

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wish we could con - trive it Now and then to get a word in priv - ate!
all these folks who bore us Seem to think that we re - quire a chor - us.

Chorus.

Oh dear! — won't it just be splen - did — In the

time that's com - ing soon, — When, this —

— wear - y wait - ing end - ed, — We start our hon - ey -

-moon None near us to see or hear us

The whole wide world we will for - get Oh, what

joy to stay in your arms all day But not yet um -

(Hum.)

-m Not yet. yet.

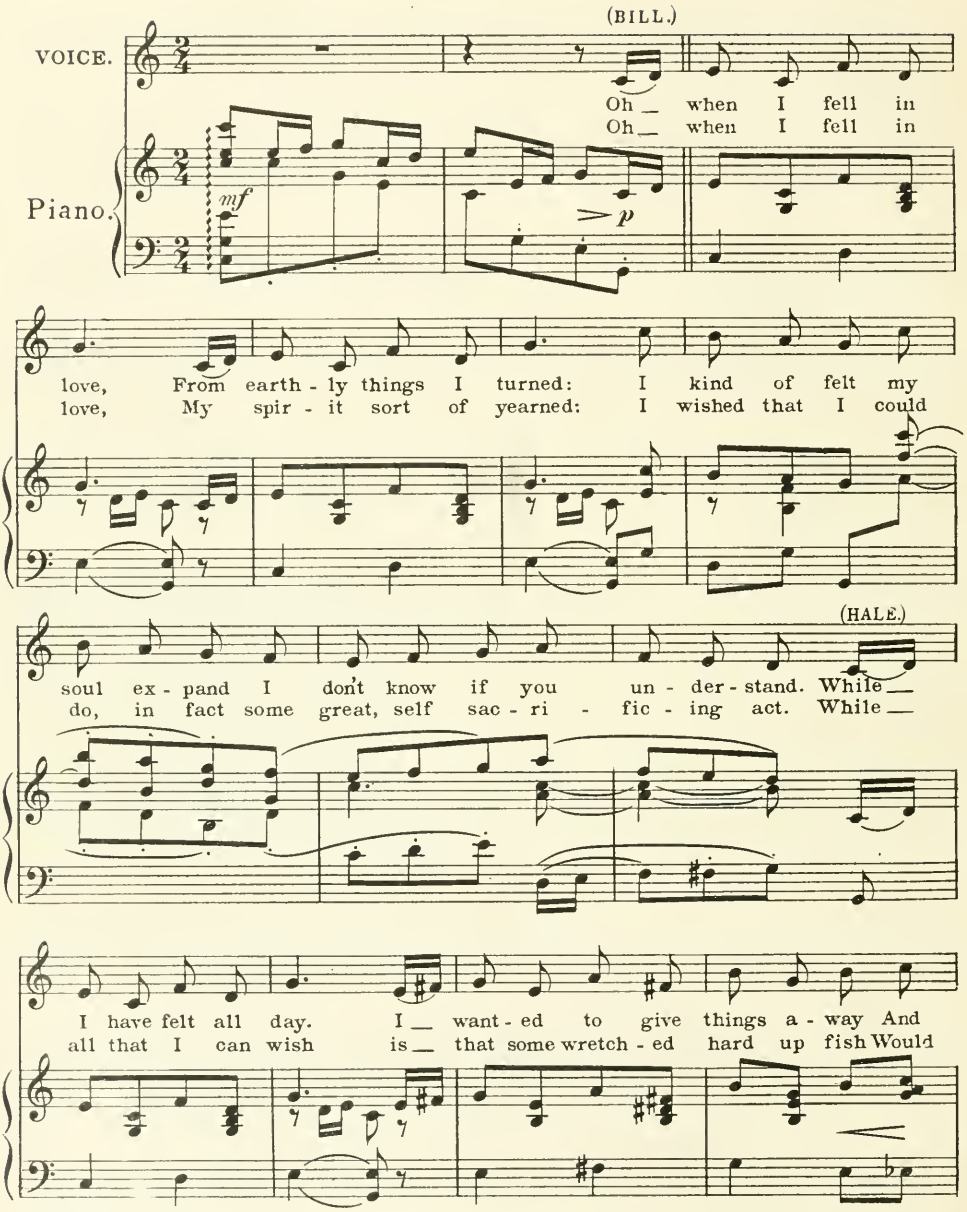
1 2

T. B. H. Co. 45_3 Not Yet.

Do It Now.

Trio.

(Bill - Hale - Spike.)



(SPIKE)

stand a lot of drinks To_ im - pe - cu - nious ginks. Love
sud - den - ly ar - rive And_ touch me for a five. Love

rall.

makes me feel so full of pep, My kit I'd like to seize, And
makes me feel so strong and grand, At noth - ing I would stop, I'd

a tempo.

gai - ly round the cor - ner step And bur - gle Tif - fa - ny's.
like to fill a bag with sand And swing it on a cop.

Chorus.
(ALL.)

Let three friend - ly na - tives tell you this

p-f

Love's a thing you real - ly should - n't miss.

It makes life won - der - ful and sweet, So go and

Spoken.

fall in love with the first girl you meet (get ac - tion)

Grab your hat and beat it for the street.

f encore.

You'll get hold of some nice girl some - how.

Make a note of what we say. Try to fall in

pp *encore.*

love to - day Take the tip from us and do it

1 now.

2 now.

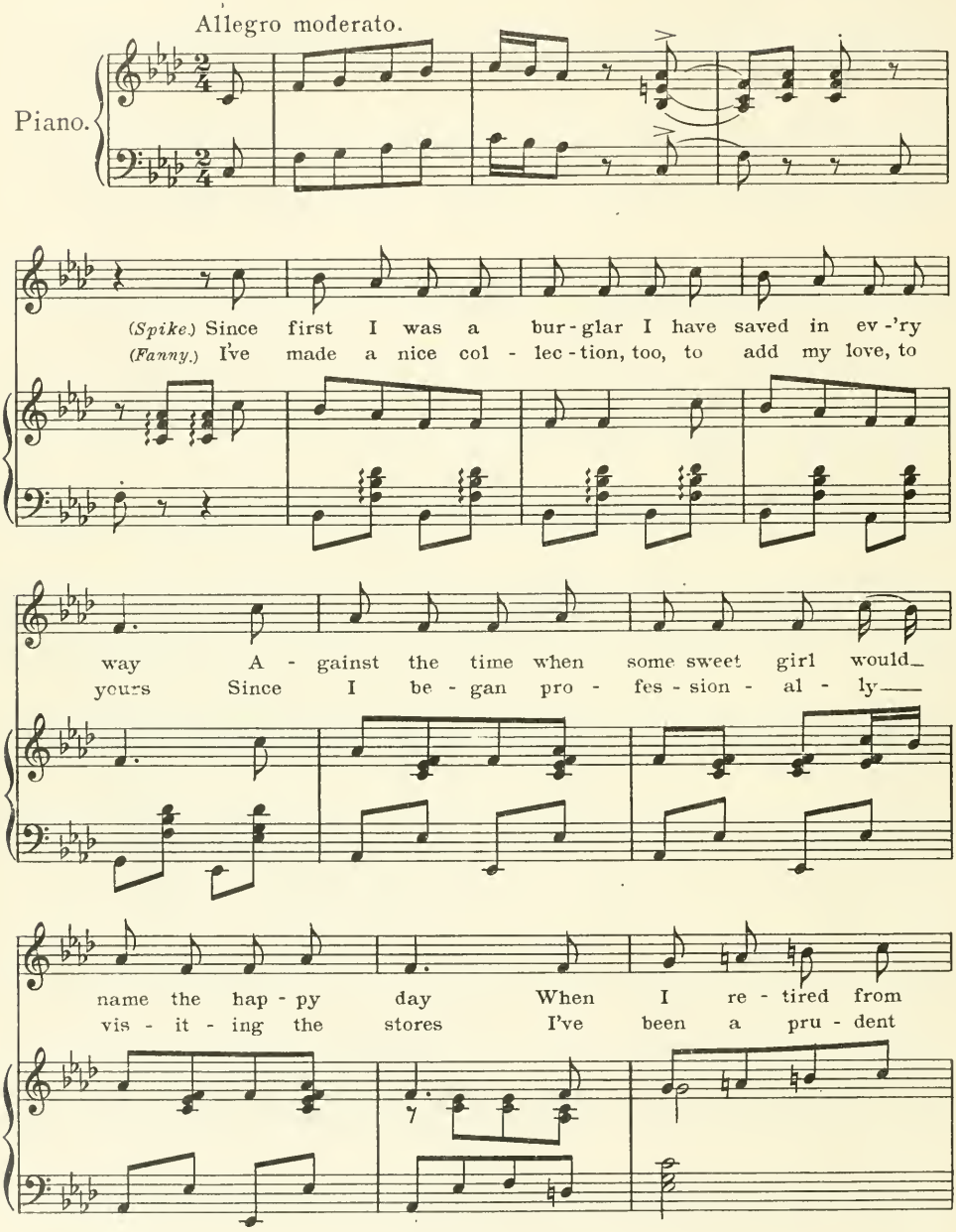
f

Our Little Nest.

(Spike and Fanny.)

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.



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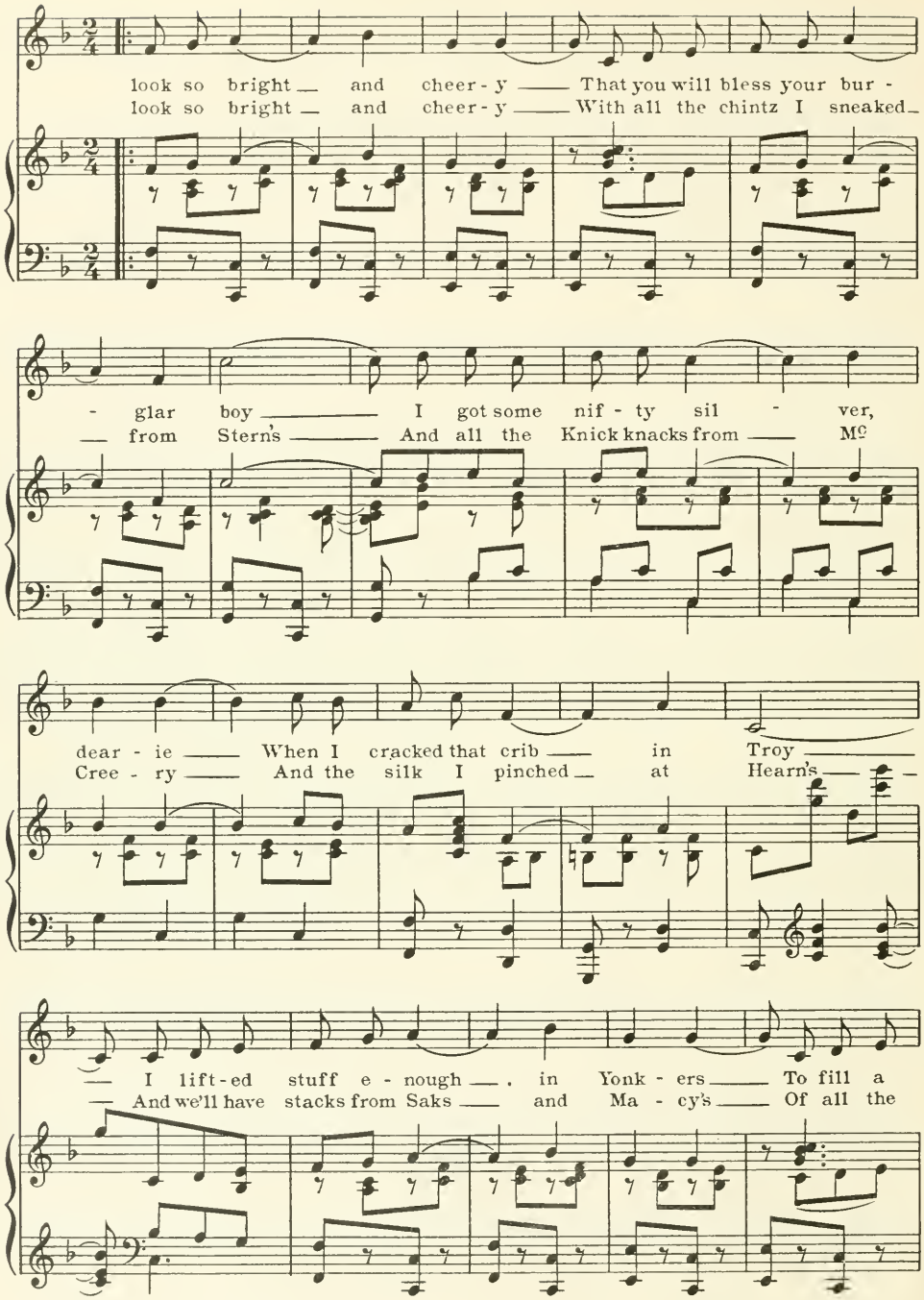
ac - tive work and ceased at nights to roam, I
lit - tle girl and I have saved like you, I

meant to own e - nough nice things to start a lit - tle
nev - er start - ed squan - der - ing as ma - ny girl - ies

home. And I ach - ieved as you will find The
do. Each time I stole a brush and comb I

Chorus.

ob - ject that I had in mind. Our home will
said "there's some - thing for the home! Our home will


look so bright and cheer-y That you will bless your bur-
look so bright and cheer-y With all the chintz I sneaked
-glar boy I got some nif-ty sil-ver,
from Stern's And all the Knick knacks from Mc
dear-ie When I cracked that crib in Troy
Cree-ry And the silk I pinched at Hearn's
I lift-ed stuff e-nough in Yonk-ers To fill a
And we'll have stacks from Saks and Ma-cy's Of all the

fair - ly good — sized chest — And at a house at Min -
things that you'll — like best — And when at nights we're roast —

- e - o - la — I got a - way with their — Vic - tro - la —
— ing pea - nuts — Up-on the stove I swiped — from Green - hut's —

— So we'll have mu - sic in the eve - ning — When we are
— Al-though it's hum - ble you won't grum - ble — You'll love our

in our lit - tle nest. Our home will nest. —
coz - y lit - tle nest. Our home will nest. —

Do Look At Him.

(Molly and Girls.)

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Valse Grazioso.

Piano.

mf

poco rit.

I had oft - en dreamed that one fine day
On the day we met he looked so cute

Some - bod - y di - vine would come my way One who'd
In his new straw hat and flan - nel suit And I

be for grace and looks Like the men in sto - ry
know that he would be Just the one, one man for

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books. There was I for years and years it seems
me. When his dream - y eyes gazed in - to mine

Wait - ing for the he - ro of my dreams And I
Sud - den - ly the sun be - gan to shine And the

kept on wait - ing till One fine day a - long came Bill.
birds be - gan to trill Na - ture shout - ed "here comes Bill."

poco rit

Refrain.

Oh, is - n't he sweet, girls, Do look at his

face, Did ev - er you meet, girls, Such

beau - ty and grace? Oh, look at him, Do look at him,

Just to be near him's a treat, girls I nev- er can see

1 2

Why Bill loves me. me.

Oh Lady! Lady!

(Will and Girls.)

Lyric by
P.G.WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Vivo.

(WILL.)

VOICE.

Piano.

A lot of fel - lows I could name, Think mar - riage is a fool - ish game, But I've dis - cov - ered more and more That be - ing sin - gle is a bore; For life's a pret - ty dull af - fair, Chuck

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full of trou - ble and of care, And noth - ing but a

wo - man's smile can make the darned ___ old thing_ worth

while. Oh, La - dy, La - dy, When you

(GIRLS.)

Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la - la la!

come our way You're like the sun - shine on a

win - ter day Ev - 'ry-thing may have gone all wrong

But when at last you come a - long You make the world seem

won - der - ful and gay. Life seems to

(GIRLS.)

Tra - la - la - la - la - la - la - la - la!

start a-gain all strange and new, Cloud

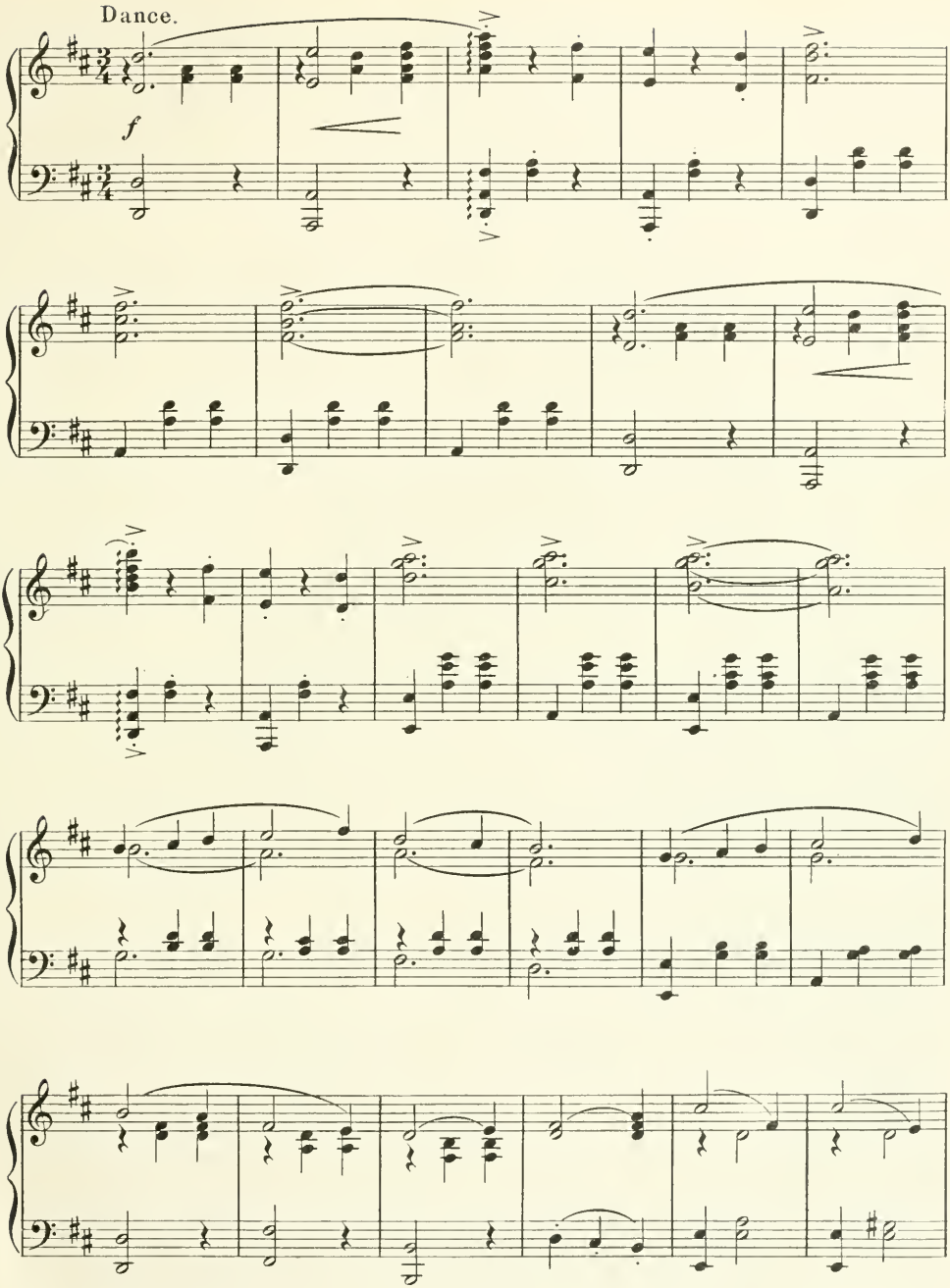
-way and skies are soft and blue.

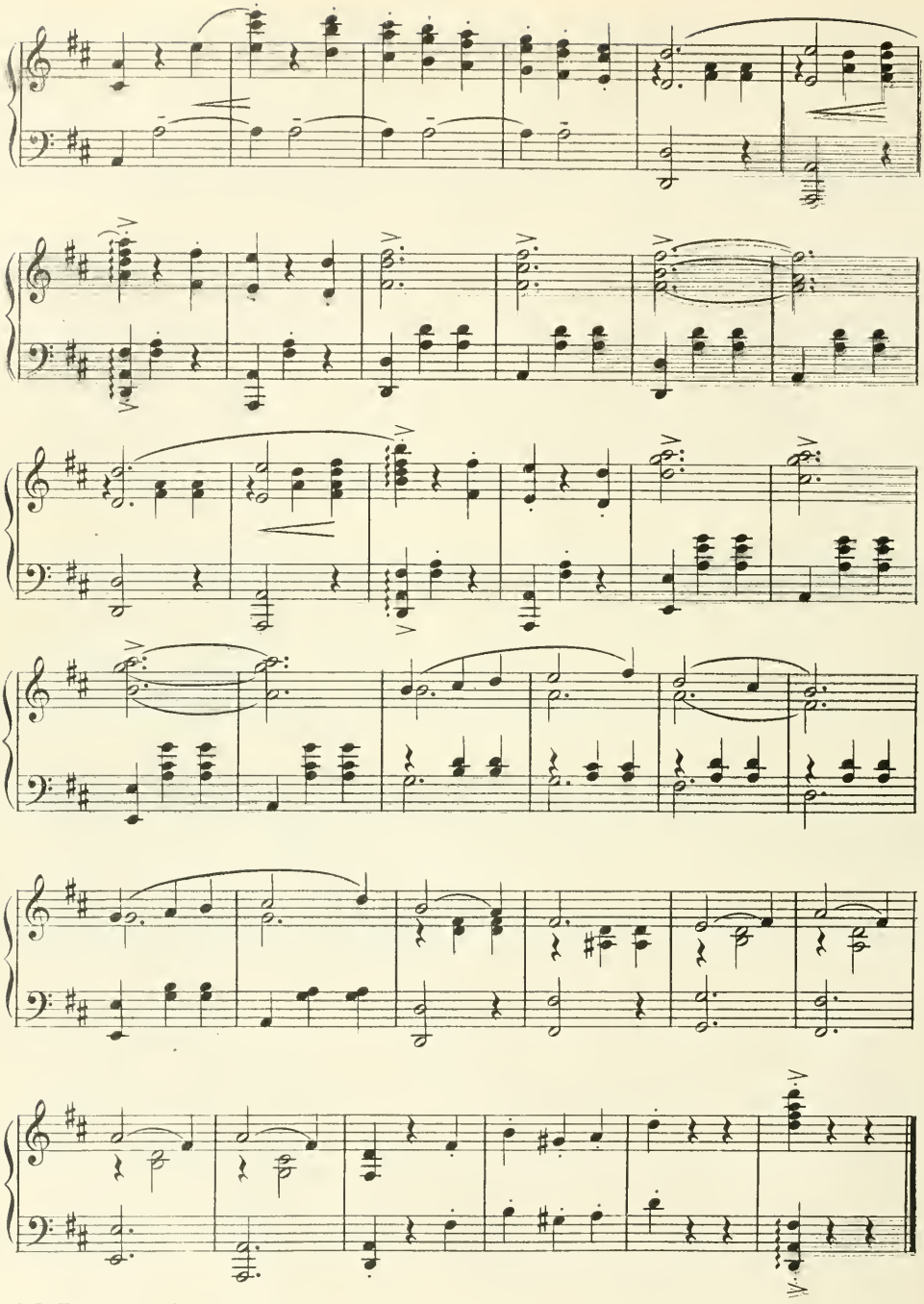
Though we were sad and dull be-fore Noth-ing can mat-ter

an-y-more La-dy, La-dy, af-ter we've found

1 (GIRLS.) 2

co- Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la you.

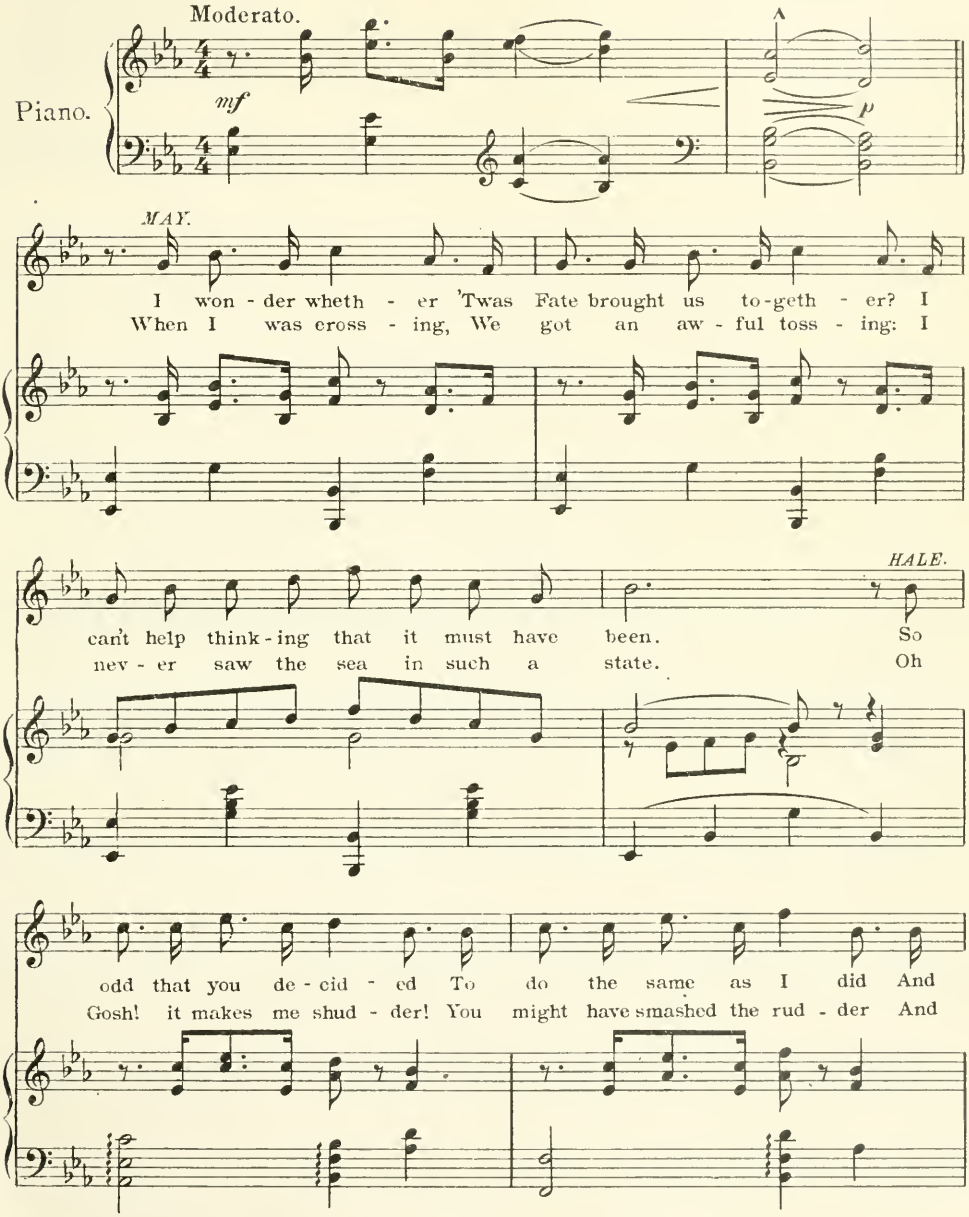

Dance.
f



You Found Me And I Found You.

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.



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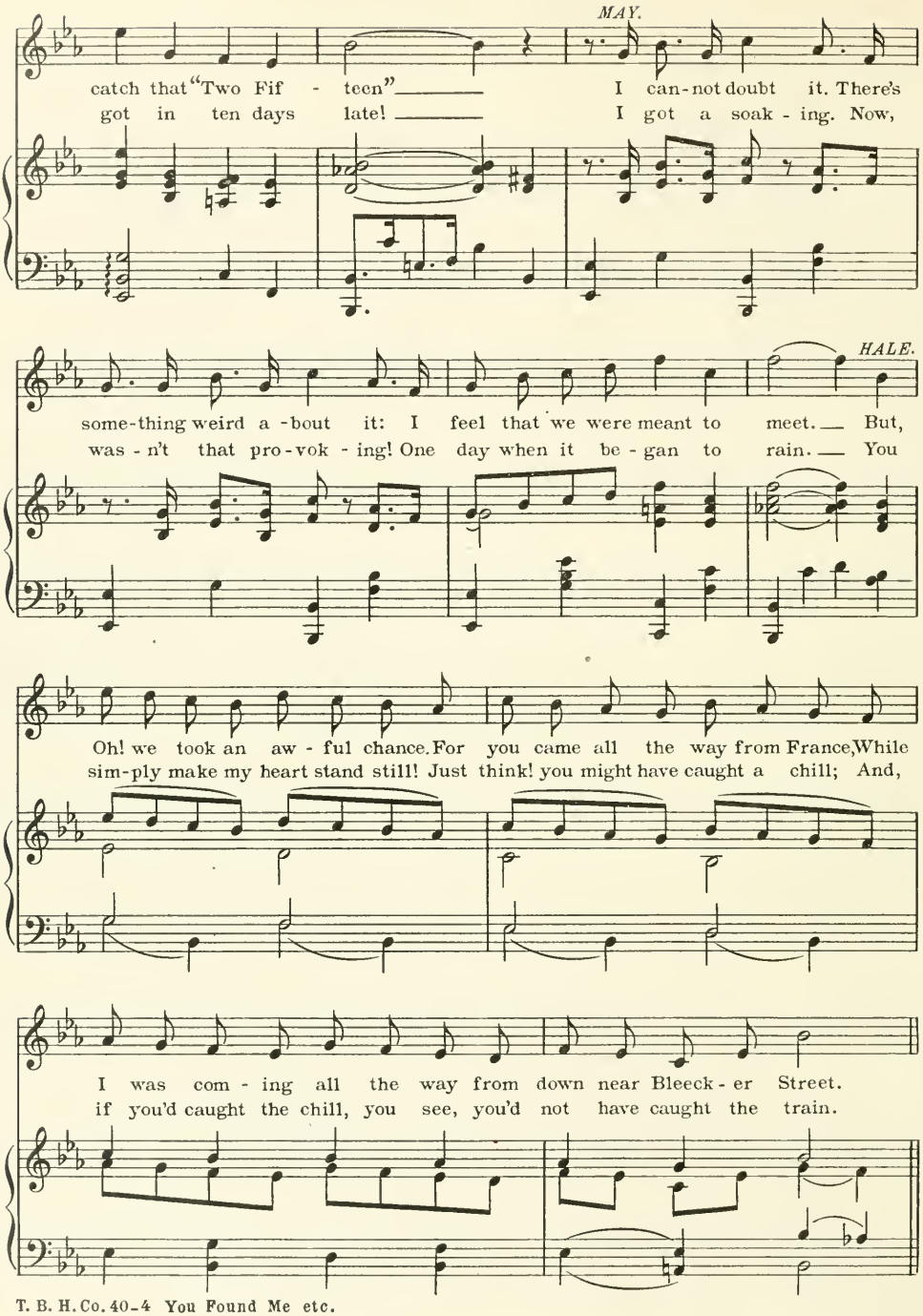

MAY.
catch that "Two Fif - teen" I can-not doubt it. There's
got in ten days late! I got a soak - ing. Now,
HALE.
some-thing weird a -bout it: I feel that we were meant to meet. But,
was - n't that pro-vok - ing! One day when it be - gan to rain. You
Oh! we took an aw - ful chance. For you came all the way from France, While
sim-ply make my heart stand still! Just think! you might have caught a chill; And,
I was com - ing all the way from down near Bleeck - er Street.
if you'd caught the chill, you see, you'd not have caught the train.

Chorus.

There was I, and there were you,_ Three thou-sand miles_ a - part;

Who'd have bet that we would ev-er have met At the start? But it's

clear to me, 'Twas meant to be. In spite of ev-'ry bar; For

I found you, and you found me,_ You see, and here_ we are.

There was I, and there were you Three thou-sand miles a - part!

Who'd have bet that we would ev-er have met At the start? But it's

clear to me, 'Twas meant to be. In spite of ev - 'ry bar; For

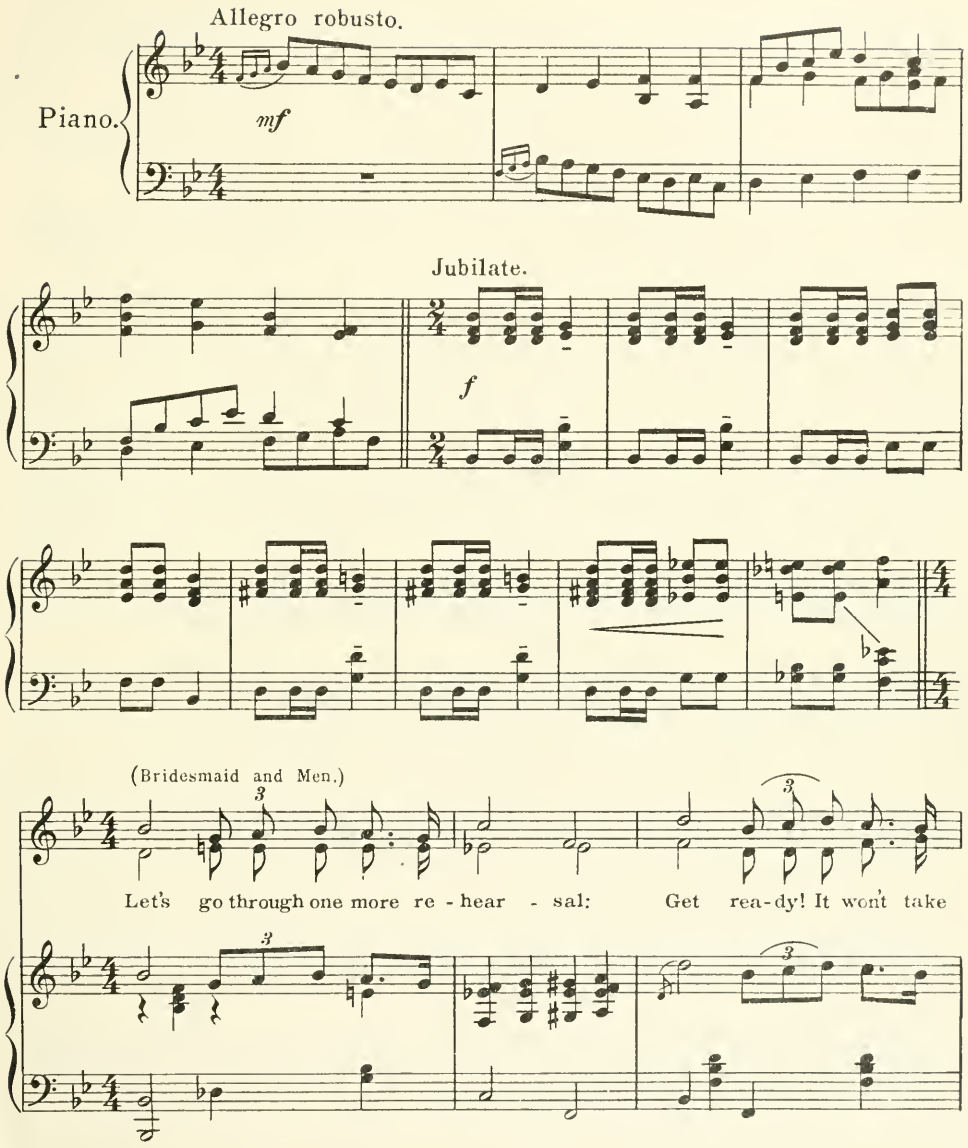
I found you, and you found me, You see, and here we are.

rall. *p*

Ped. *

Finale.

ACT I.

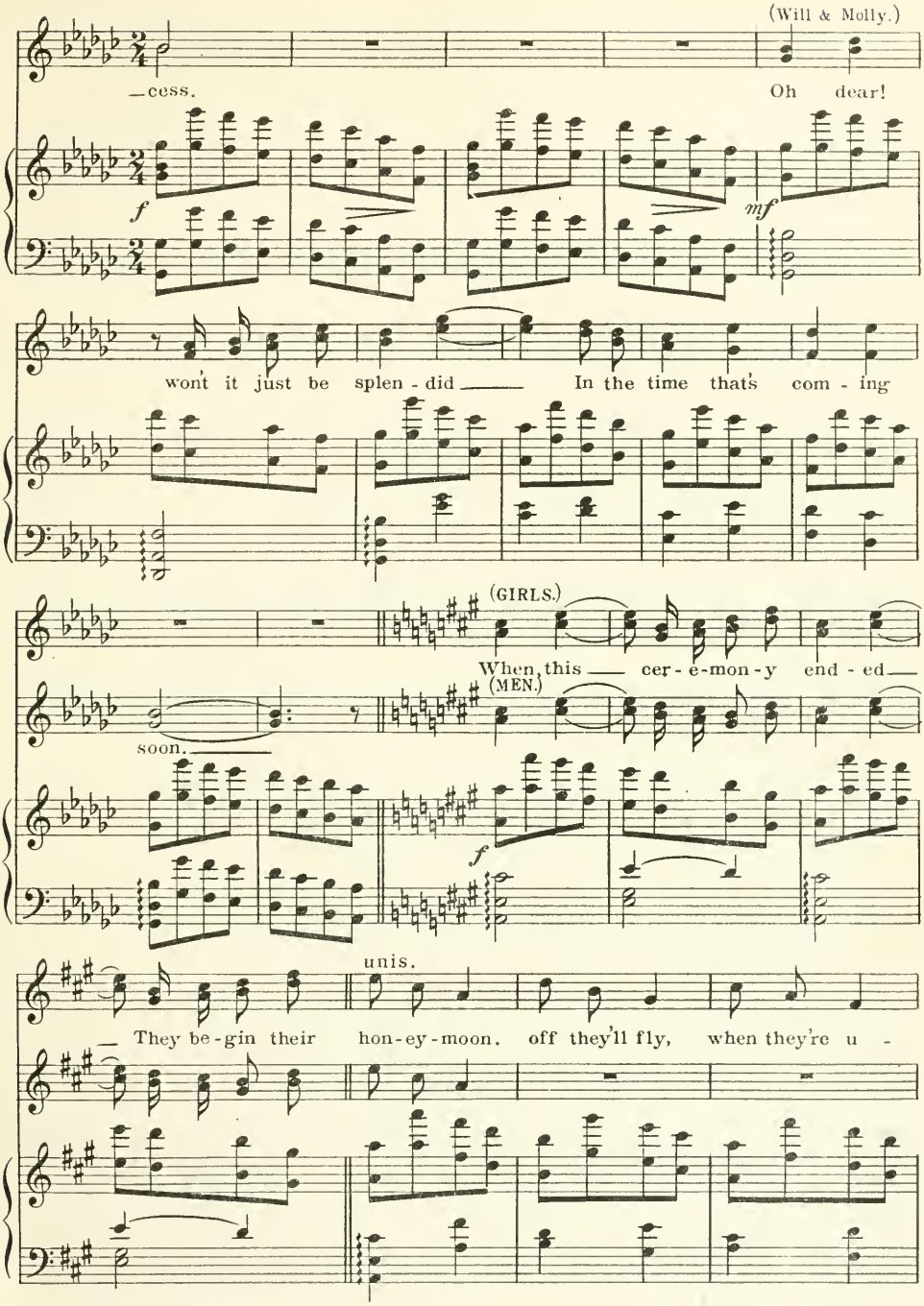

Allegro robusto.
Piano.
mf
Jubilate.
f
(Bridesmaid and Men.)
Let's go through one more re - hear - sal: Get rea-dy! It won't take

long. For to - mor - row We'd feel sor - row

if an - y - thing should go wrong. Smart pa-pers will send re -

-port - ers Whom we must of course im - press;

So we're work - ing; nev - er shirk - ing, To bring suc -



T.B.H.Co. 51-10 Finale. Act I.

U. OF ILL. LIB.

-ni - ted, We'll not be in-vit - ed For, they've of - ten shown,

unis.

To some spot Where we'll not, we'll

lov - ers are de - light - ed Just to be a - lone.

not be in - - vit - - ed.

(GIRLS.)

Just to ____ have a man who loves you! ____ There can

p

be no great - er bliss. ____

(MEN.)

Yes, you're right, Just let us tell you this. Love's a thing you

mf *p*

real-ly should-n't miss. We'll get hold of hus-bands too some-

(GIRLS.)

p *p*

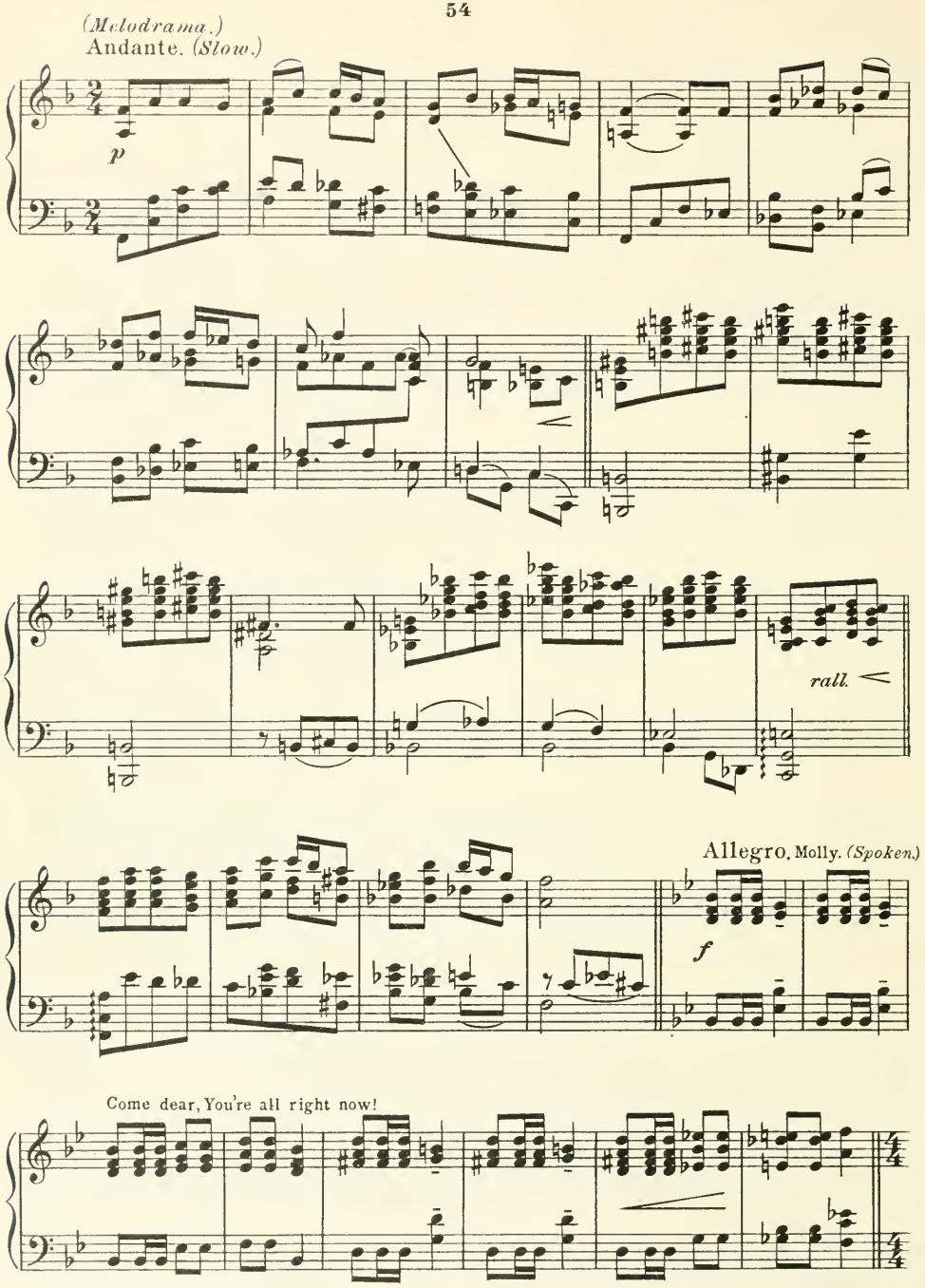
-how: Ev-'ry-bod-y seems to do it

now.

WILL. *(Spoken.)* *one.* *two.* *three.* *four.* *five.*

(Clock.)

rall. *p*

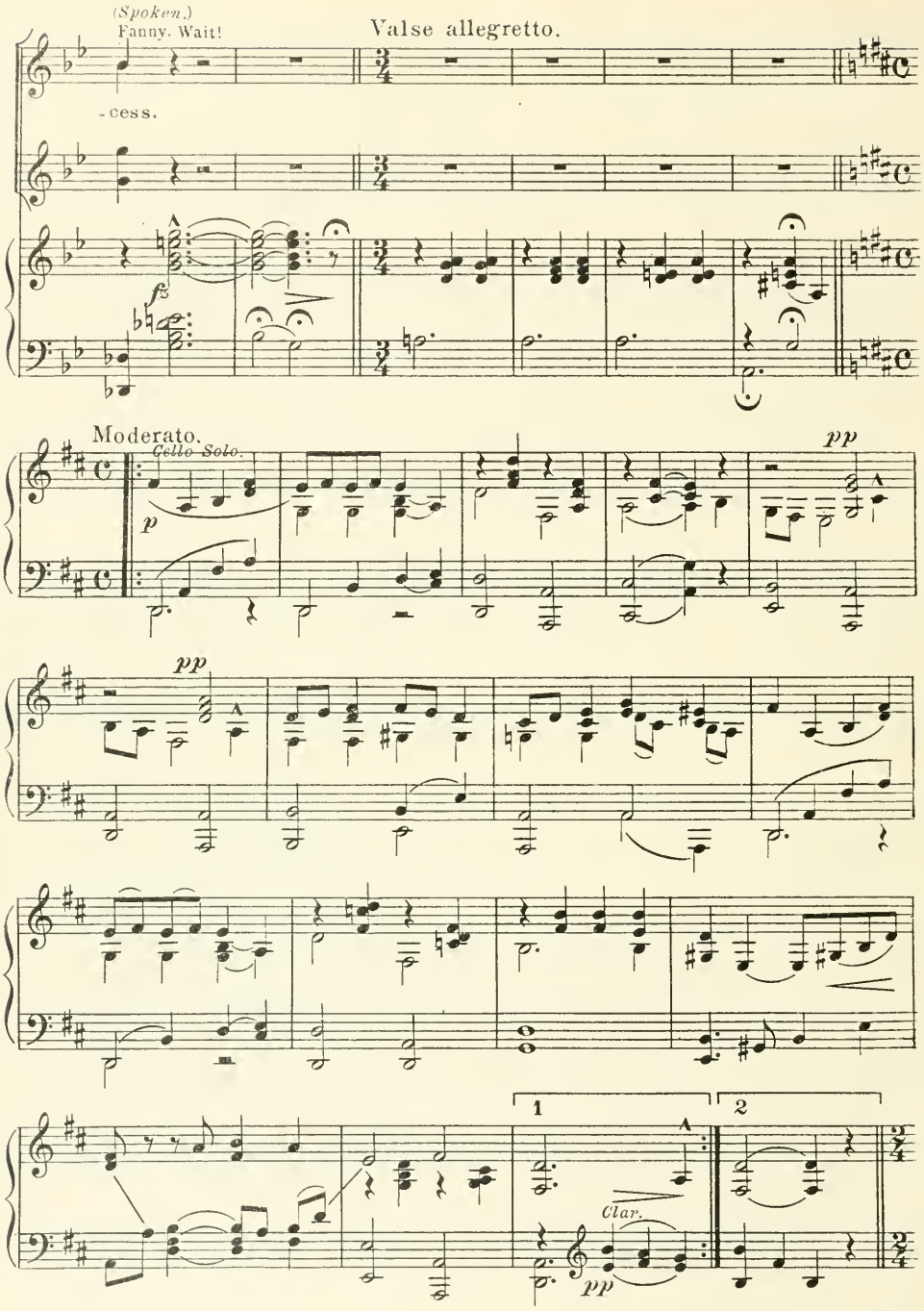

(Melodrama.)
Andante. (Slow.)
p
rall.
Allegro. Molly. (Spoken.)
f
Come dear, You're all right now!

Sop.
Alto.
Smart pa - pers will send re - port - ers

Tenor.
Bass.

Whom we must of course im - press;

So we're work - ing, nev - er shirk - ing, To bring suc - -


(Spoken.)
Fanny. Wait!
-cess.
Valse allegretto.
Moderato.
Cello Solo.
p
pp
pp
1
2
Clar.
pp

Poco animato.

(WILL.)

Cue. BILL."Get me out."

Our life will be yet a love-ly du-et, But heart-less peo-ple seem to want to keep me from my pet.

mf

p

Agitato.

Maestoso.

All your trou-bles may Dis-ap-pear some day, But not

mf

Molly *(Spoken)*
I Can't believe it.

(MOLLY.)

I can't ex-plain its sure-ly not his brain, that

yet, Not yet.

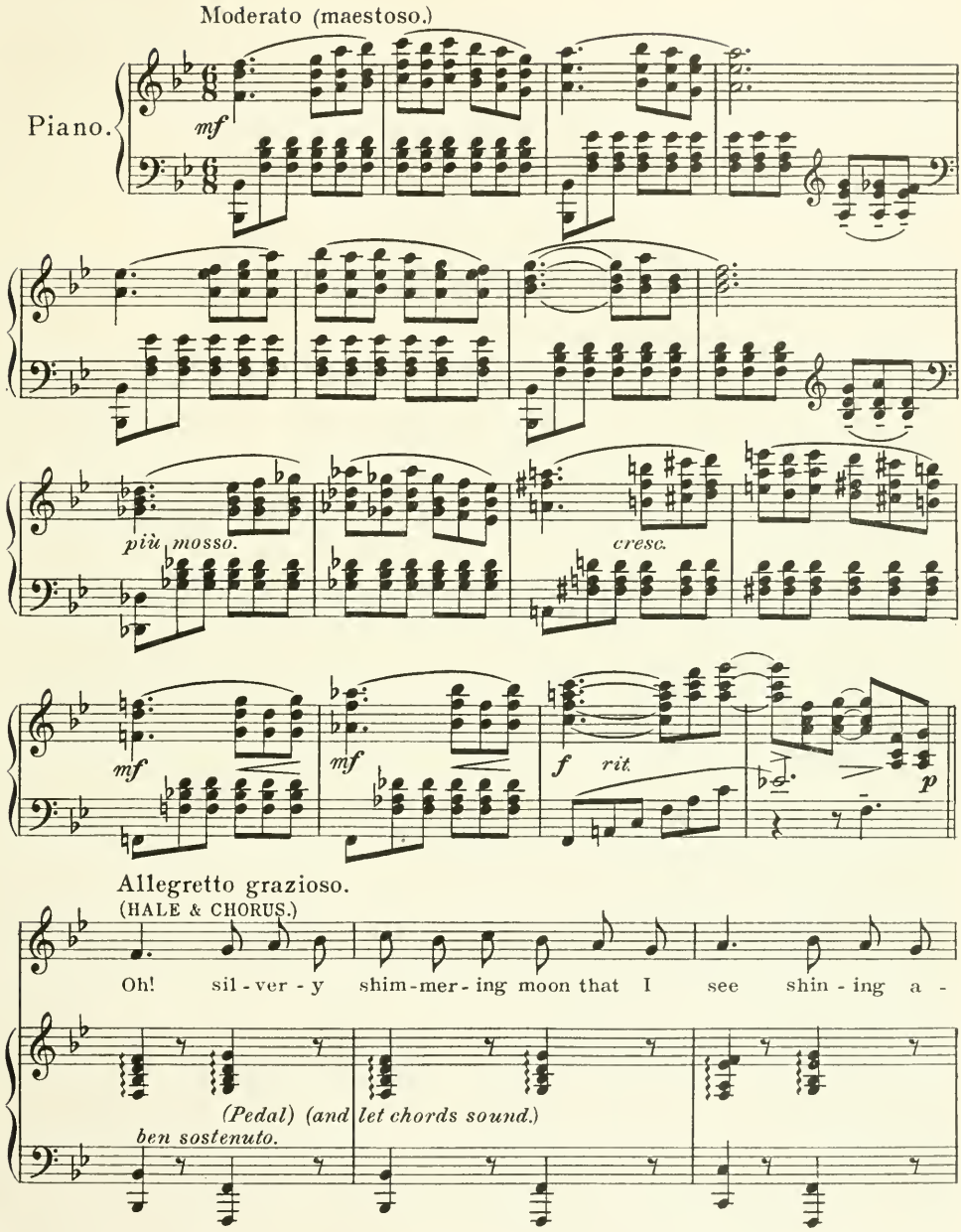
p *f* *f*

makes me thrill I love him be-cause he's

won-der-ful be-cause he's just my Bill.

8va

Opening Act II.



-bove I've some-thing to tell you. Be-tween you and

me ___ I'm in love! Yes, there's no con-ceal-ing, old friend

I'm fair-ly knocked flat. How, how in the

world is it go-ing to end? Tell me that!

delicato.

p *pp*

T. B. H. Co. 60-4 Opening Act II.

2nd time mixed chorus (unisono.)

Moon, in the si - lent Heav - en rid - ing My pain - ful

p

se - cret I'm con - fid - ing Tho' you've heard ma - ny tales

like mine be - fore You won't mind lis - ten - ing

To just one more Moon, not a thing from you I'm hid -

-ing This is the point that needs de - cid - -

-ing Tell me Oh! sil - v'ry moon, How will it

be? Is there a chance that she'll love me?

delicato.

2 SOP. ALTO.

me? That she'll love me?

TEN. BAR. & BASS.

sempre. *p*

L. H.

8va

T. B. H. Co. 60-4 Opening Act II.

Waiting Around The Corner

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Piano.

f *ffz*

Some men there are who say, They'll nev - er wed:
Take care, you sin - gle men! Real - ly you ought.

p

They mean to keep their gay sin - gle free - dom in - stead,
You nev - er can tell when you are going to be caught,

They'll nev - er put their head, They tell you so,
If you're not care - ful, then, There's not a doubt

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In - to the hal - ter at the al - tar, But you nev - er know! Some
Some day the wed-ding which you're dread-ing's Sure to come a - bout.

Chorus.

girl - ie may be wait - ing 'round the cor - ner,

Qui - et and de - mure 'till they come by:
Wait - ing 'round the cor - ner just for you:

There will be a twin - kle in her eye, And the
And there's not a thing that you can do; If she's

vic - tim Won't know she's picked him. He may make all sorts of
met you She's going to get you. You may try to sneer at

res - o - lu - tions, But he nev - er will a -
or - ange blos - soms. Do it while you can but

- void his fate; And some lit - tle girl is sure to get you soon or
just you wait. For some

1 late. Some 2 late.

ffz

T. B. H. Co. 42 - 3 Waiting Around The Corner

When The Ships Come Home.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Piano.

Con moto.

Life's an o - cean grim that has no charts;
Clouds may hide the skies and gales may blow;

R.H.

L.H.

p

And the ships that swim on it are hearts:
An - gry waves may rise, but on they go:

R.H.

L.H.

T. B. H. Co. 39-3

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O'er that lone - ly sea far, far they roam; But they've
Filled each day may be with dan - gers new; But they've

Love at the helm, and he will bring them home.
Love at the helm, and he will guide them through.

Chorus.

Yes, all the lit - tle ships come sail - ing home a - cross the

sea: The wea - ry jour - ney end - ed, their

way they've wend - ed home where they would be. They glide a-cross the

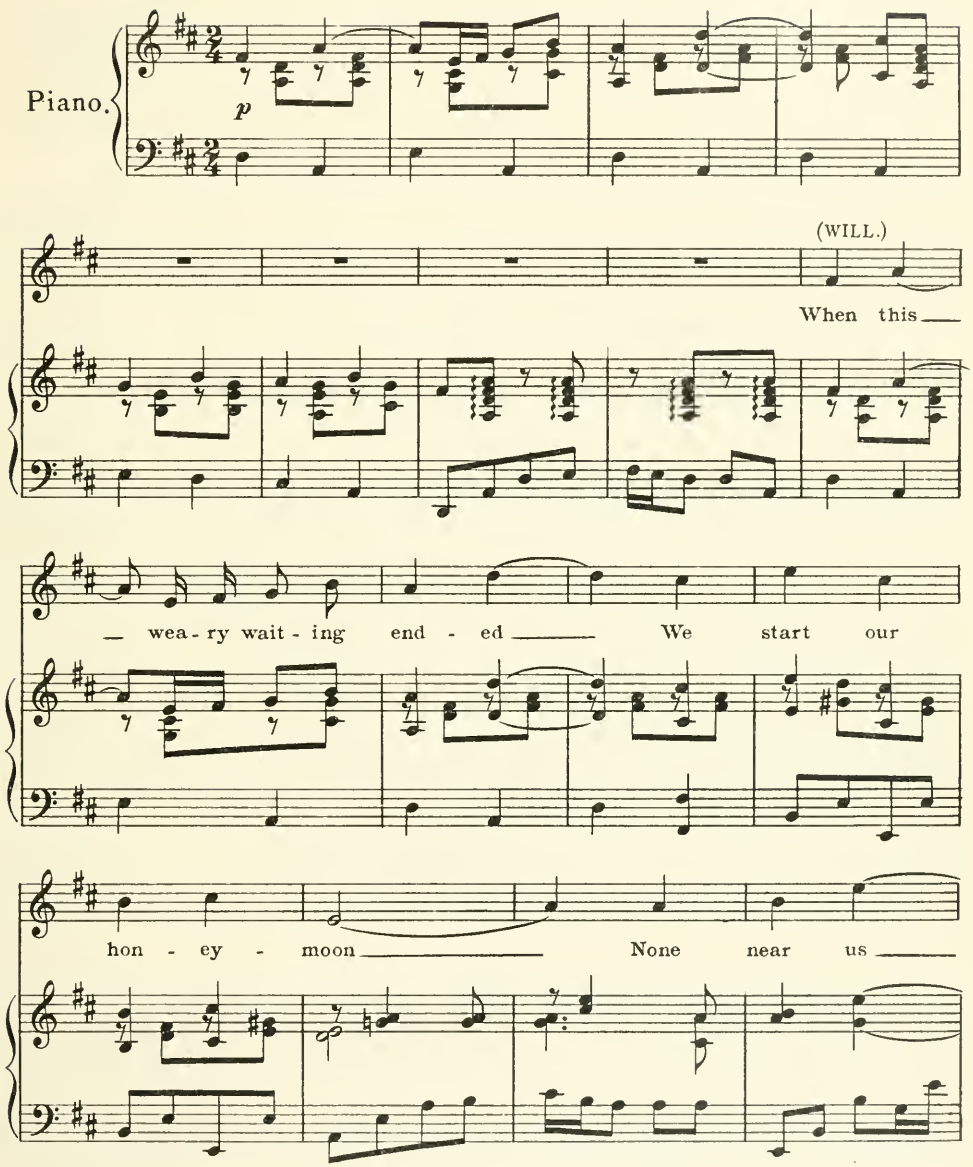
bar, where no storms are, all dan - gers past;

— And, two by two, to - geth - er come sail - ing home at

1 last. Yes, all the lit - tle 2 last.

p *pp* R.H. L.H.

Melodrama


Piano.
p
(WILL.)
When this
wea - ry wait - ing end - ed
We start our
hon - ey - moon
None near us

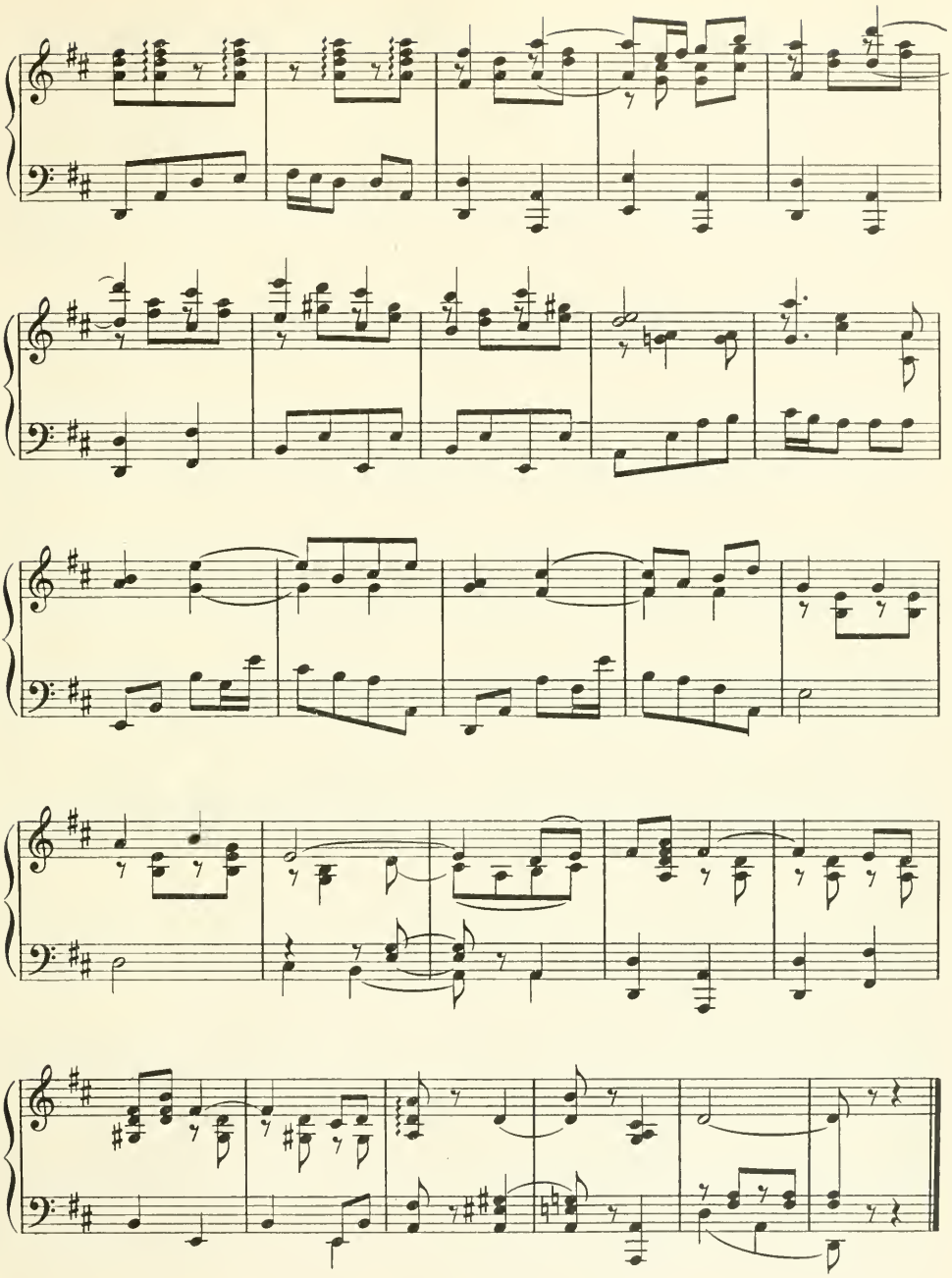
— to see or hear us — The whole wide world we

(MOLLY)

will for - get. — Oh what joy to stay — In your

arms all day — But not yet Um — not yet.

pp



Before I Met You.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Voice.

Piano.

f. *p*

Pre - My

- pare your-self to hear the worst! I'm sor - ry but you're not the first
pet, I know just how you feel: For I have some-thing to re-veal:

My heart to claim, I own with shame. I'm
For, dear, I too Once loved like you. I

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thank-ful that I have con-fessed: My con-science now will be at rest—
shall be hap-pi-er, no doubt, When I have let my sec-ret out.—

— You may for-give me and love me just the same. To
— In days gone by dear I i-do-lized John Drew. I

force my-self to say so, I've had an aw-ful tus-sle, Yet
used to hope that some day We might be-come ac-quaint-ed. And

still the fact I can't con-ceal. I once loved Lill-ian Rus-sell.
when I got his au-to-graph I thought I should have faint-ed.

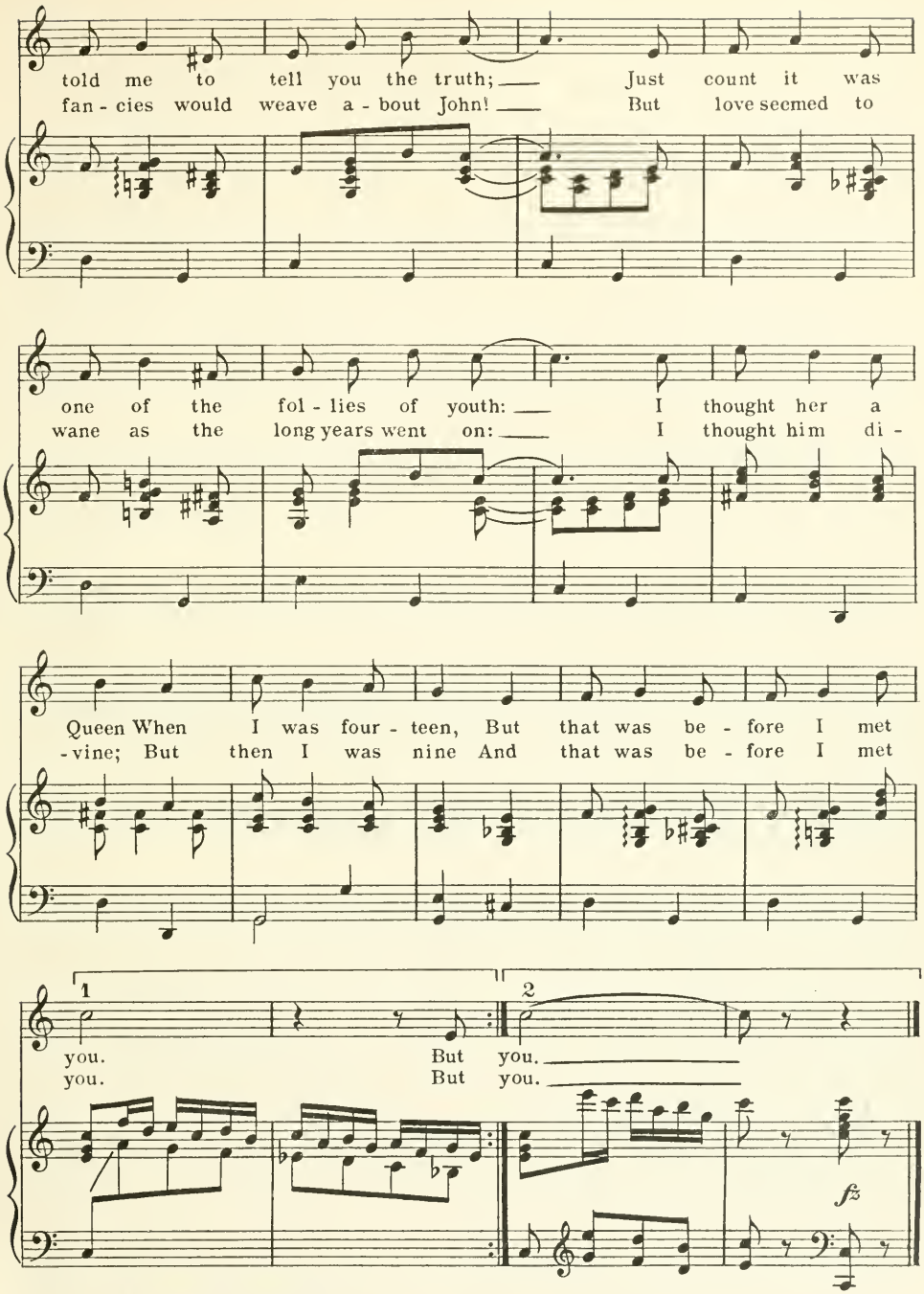
Chorus.

But that was be - fore I met you, dear - ie, dear.
But that was be - fore I met you, dear - ie, dear.

That was be - fore I met you. Her im - age I've
That was be - fore I met you. His won - der - ful

ban - ished All pass - ion has van - ished. I think you're a
pro - file Made all girls you know, feel, That noth - ing could

mill - ion times sweet - er than Lill - ian Don't scold me You
cheer them if he was - n't near them. Ro - man - ces My


told me to tell you the truth; Just count it was
fan - cies would weave a - bout John! But love seemed to
one of the fol - lies of youth: I thought her a
wane as the long years went on: I thought him di -
Queen When I was four - teen, But that was be - fore I met
-vine; But then I was nine And that was be - fore I met
1
2
you. But you.
you. But you.
fz

Greenwich Village.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

VOICE.

Piano.

mf *p*

Oh, down in Green-wich Vil-lage There's
My fav-'rite aunt Ma-til-da Found

some-thing, 'twould ap-pear, De-mor-al-is-ing in the at-mos-
Os-kosh rath-er slow: It's going to be a pain-ful tale, I

-phere: Quite or-di-na-ry peo-ple Who come and live down here, Get
know. She came to Green-wich Vil-lage And took a stu-di-o, When

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changed to per - fect nuts with - in a year. They
she was eight - y - three years old or so. She

learn to eat spa-ghet - ti: (That's hard e - nough as you know!) They
learned the Uk - a - le - le? She break-fast - ed at Pol - ly's? And

leave off socks and wear Greek smocks And stu - dy Gui - do Bru - no.
what is worse, she wrote free verse; And now she's in the Fol - lies!

Refrain.

For there's some-thing in the air of lit - tle Green-wich Vil - lage That
For there's some-thing in the air of lit - tle Green-wich Vil - lage That

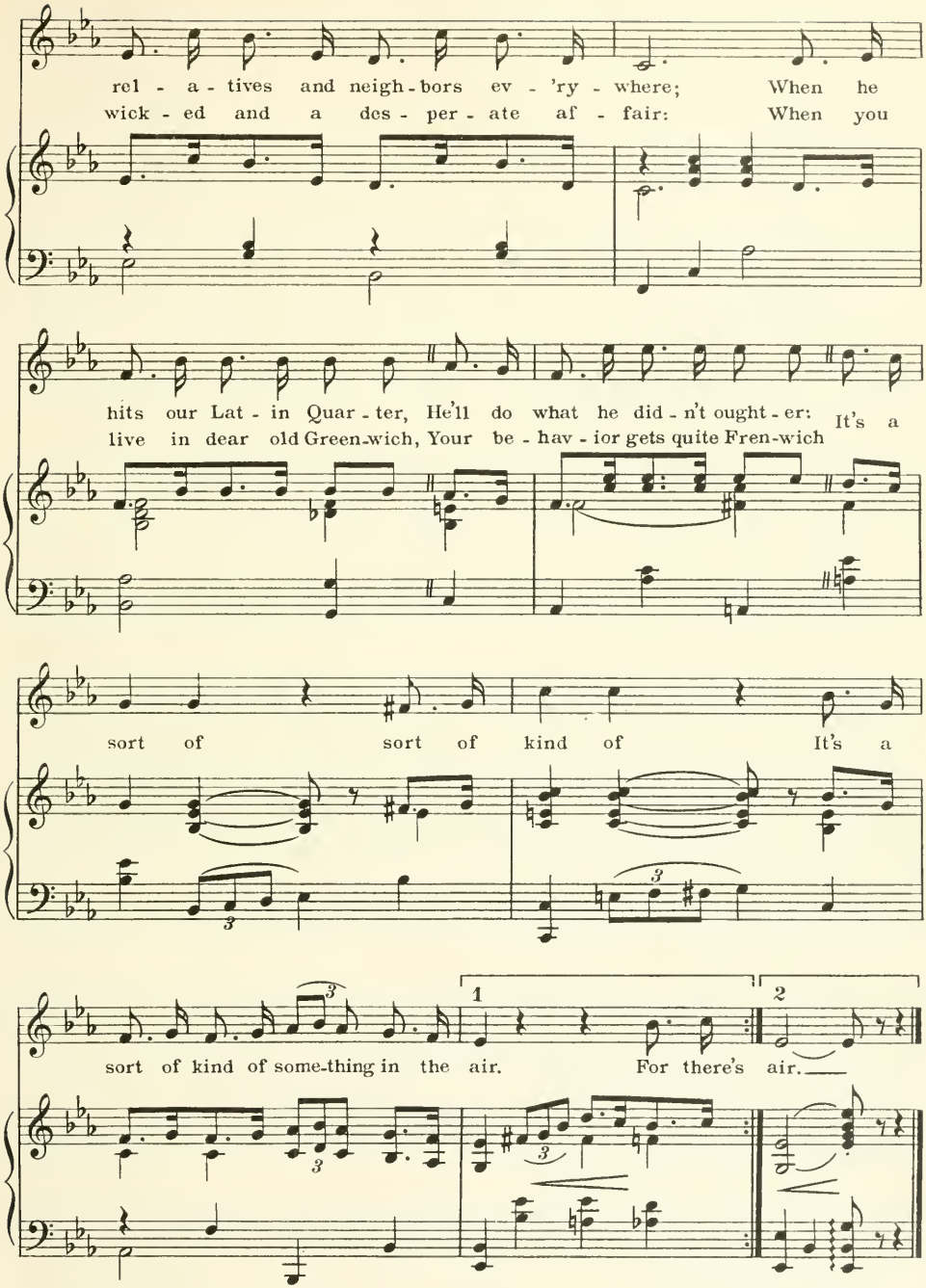
makes a fel - low feel he does - n't care. Di -
makes a fel - low feel he does - n't care. And

-rect - ly he is in it, he gets hold of an af - fin - i - ty Who's
wops in lit - tle It - a - ly have oft - en mut-tered bit - ter - ly They

long on Mod - ern Art but short on hair. Though he
wished they lived a mill - ion miles from there. For in

may have been a mod - el youth From when he learned to tod - dle, To his
bad Mac - dou - gall Al - ley, you'll dis - cov - er gen - er - al - ly, Life's a

T.B.H.Co. 50-4 Greenwich Village.


rel - a - tives and neigh - bors ev - 'ry - where; When he
wick - ed and a des - per - ate af - fair: When you
hits our Lat - in Quar - ter, He'll do what he did - n't ought - er: It's a
live in dear old Green-wich, Your be - hav - ior gets quite Fren-wich
sort of sort of kind of It's a
1
2
sort of kind of some-thing in the air. For there's air.

Wheatless Day.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE

Music by
JEROME KERN.

Moderato.

Piano.

mp

If you will mar - ry me, how hap - py
We'll be so hap - py at our co - zy

p

we will be: Yes, life will seem so sweet. If you should
lit - tle flat; When ends the hon - ey - moon: I'll think up

bid me, I would pluck the stars from out the sky, And
dodg - es to a - void the in - come tax, while you pre -

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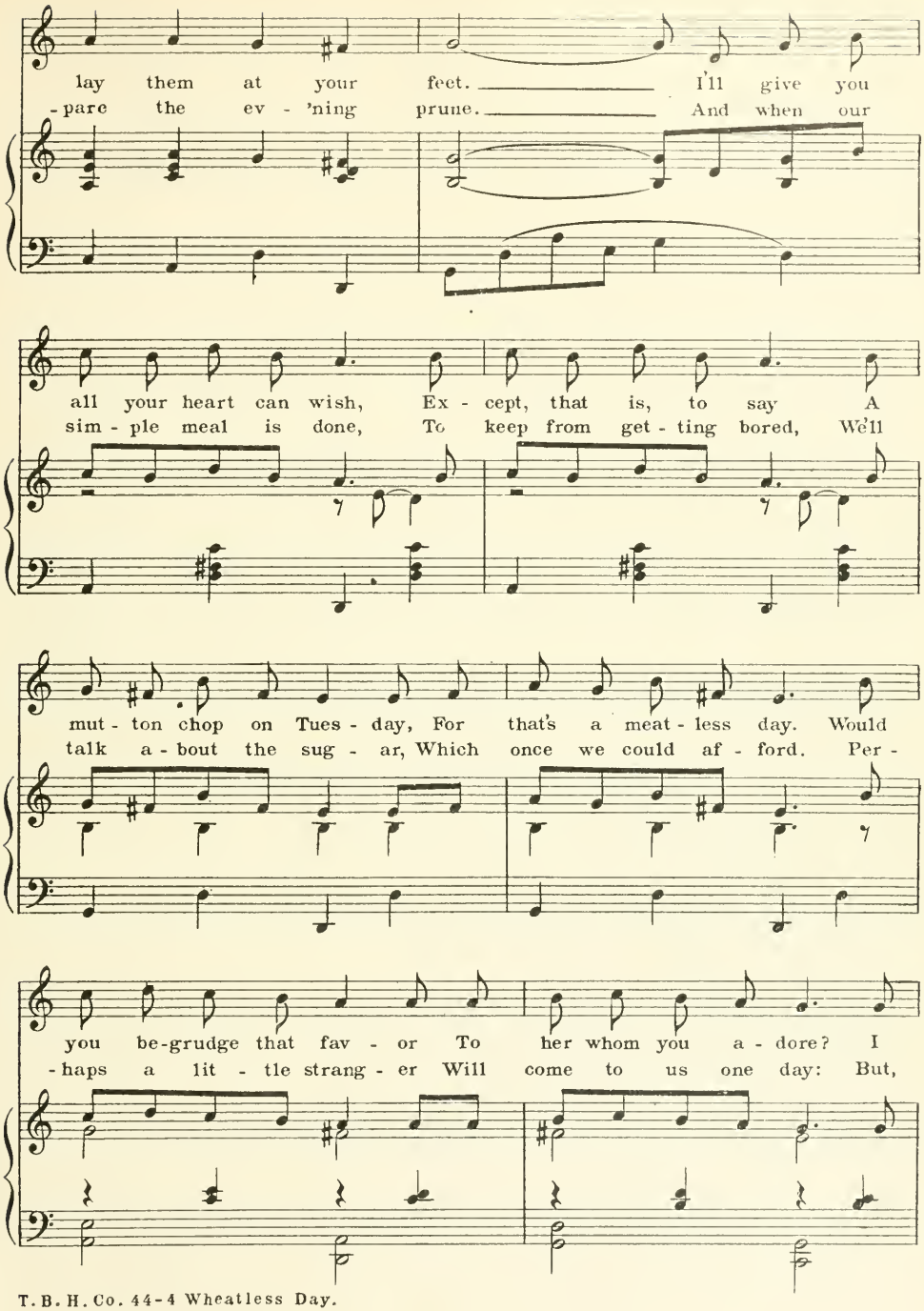

lay them at your feet. I'll give you
-pare the ev - 'ning prune. And when our
all your heart can wish, Ex - cept, that is, to say A
sim - ple meal is done, To keep from get - ting bored, We'll
mut - ton chop on Tues - day, For that's a meat - less day. Would
talk a - bout the sug - ar, Which once we could af - ford. Per -
you be-grudge that fav - or To her whom you a - dore? I
-haps a lit - tle strang - er Will come to us one day: But,

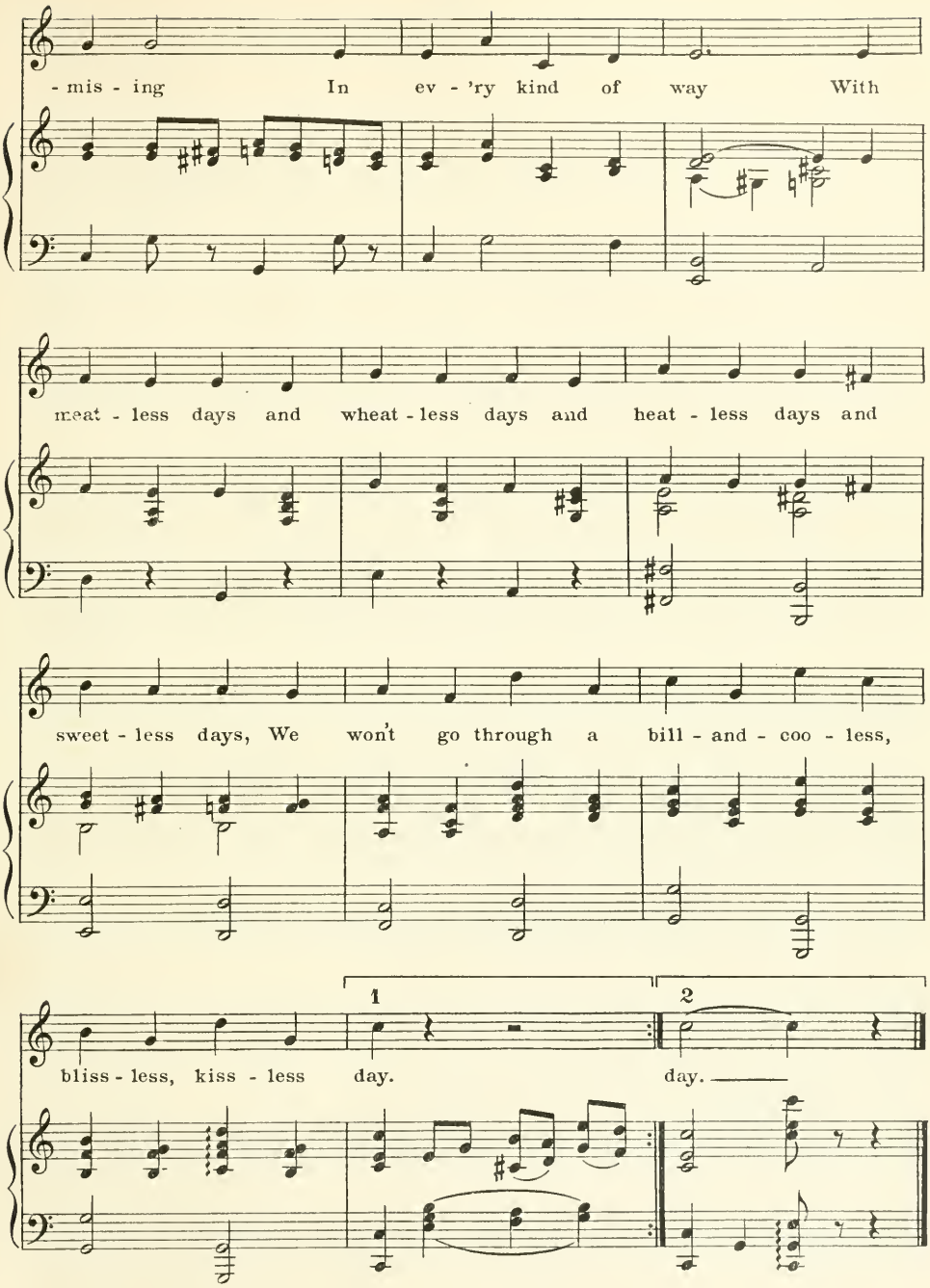
could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not Hoov - er more.
if the jan - i - tor ob - jects, We'll give the child a - way.

Chorus. Very moderato.

She. When you are my hub - by, *He.* When you are my

wife, *Both.* We'll set - tle down some - where in town And

live the sim - ple life, But, though e - con - o -


- mis - ing In ev - 'ry kind of way With
meat - less days and wheat - less days and heat - less days and
sweet - less days, We won't go through a bill - and - coo - less,
1
2
bliss - less, kiss - less day.
day.

It's A Hard, Hard World.

Lyric by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Music by
JEROME KERN

Moderato.

Piano.

f

No wom-an yet has un-der-stood We try our hard-est
The his-try books are full of tales Of fel-lows who were

p

to be good; But some-thing al-ways seems to in-ter-
per-fect whales At vir-tue when they start-ed their ca-

-fere. No grat-i-tude our
-reer. Sir Lan-ce-lot to

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at - ti - tude_ was ev - er known to win;
glance a lot _ at girls was ev - er known;

But still we per - se - vere. _____ We
Till he met Guin - e - vere. _____ Marc.

do our best as we have said, The straight and nar - row
An - ton - y, the rec - ords show, Was like a chunk of

path to tread, Ig - nor - ing temp - ta - tions Fate may
driv - en snow, But Cle - o - pat - ra sent the poor man

send. But of snares the world has
wrong. And King Hen - ry was a

plen - ty, meant To trap the man of sen - ti - ment; And
par - a - gon Till Cath - e - rine of Ar - a - gon And

one is sure to get us in the end.
six or sev - en oth - ers came a - long. Oh it's a

Chorus.

hard, hard, hard, hard world for a man {For he / He'd be

tries to be wise And re - main a - loof and chil - ly; But a -
good if he could: But he can't and there's a rea - son: For the

-long comes some-thing fem - in - ine and fril - ly So what's the use? He,
skirts are get - ting short - er ev - 'ry sea - son. So what's the use? There's

will run loose,_ Though he does the best_ he can.
no ex - cuse,_ But we do the best_ we can. It's a

1 2

hard, hard, hard, hard world for a man. Oh, it's a man._

Finale Ultimo.

Ensemble.

Yes, all the lit - tle ships come sail - ing

Piano.

f

home a-cross the sea The wea - ry jour - ney

end - ed, their way they've wend - ed home where they would

be; They glide a-cross the bar, where no storms are, all dan-gers

R.H. ossia.

past _____ And, two by two, to-geth-er come

sail-ing home at last. _____

There was I, and there were you, _Three thous-and miles_ a-

-part. Who'd have bet that we would ev - er have

met At the start, But it's clear to me,'Twas meant to be. In

spite of ev - 'ry bar; For I found you, and

you found me,— You see, and here— we are.—

sf

T.B.H.Co. 52-3 Finale Ultimo.

PTLP Review:
Brittle
Acid Free

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